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PLUS ÇA CHANGE

THE *Times* describes this ministerial reshuffle as a game of Puss in the Corner, the *Daily Telegraph*, usually servile to Mr. Chamberlain, deplores the failure to find new talent, while the *Herald* finds a successful analogy in the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. In truth, if you have a hand with only one ace and no other honours, reshuffling the cards will not win tricks. The twos remain twos and the threes threes. It may have been wise to dispense with Lord Chatfield as Co-ordinator of Defence and persuade Mr. Churchill to make that part of his job as First Lord of the Admiralty; few will criticise the appointment of Lord Woolton whose reputation as a progressive business man has been strengthened by his work as Director-General of Equipment on the Munitions Council. Mr. Morrison can do no harm as Postmaster-General, while Mr. Hudson, if he relies on the experience of Sir Arthur Salter, will make little difference at the Ministry of Shipping. What can be said for the other changes? Sir Kingsley Wood's reputation is largely self-made; he is a clever party manager and on the surface seems to shine in comparison with some of his colleagues. But the arts of publicity cannot permanently conceal fundamental inadequacy. If this is now apparent why does Sir Kingsley become Lord Privy Seal, with responsibility for the control and co-ordination of the Home Front? Sir Samuel Hoare's most obvious qualifications for the Air Ministry are that he held the post before and that he has held many posts since. Strangest of all, perhaps, is the fate of Earl De La Warr, the one Member of this Cabinet who has been continuously in office since 1929. While in Paris engaged on the important task of co-ordinating British and French education, he finds himself transferred to the Office of Works; his job has been taken over by that inoffensive and elderly cypher, Mr. Ramsbottom. But what difference do any of these changes really make? Mr. Chamberlain objects to youth and ability. There is talent available, even in his own party. Mr. Richard Law, Mr. Harold Macmillan, Mr. Robert Boothby, and others will presumably have to wait for that reshuffle which also involves a change of Prime Minister. There is, in fact, no change in the Government. It still represents the Britain of 1914 which Mr. Chamberlain is fighting to defend.

Mr. Molotov's Speech

We have heard it argued that Mr. Molotov's speech was in reality a cunning device of Herr von Ribbentrop to lull us into false moves by suggesting that Russia was not a genuine partner of Nazi Germany. With that in mind we have studied Mr. Molotov's full text which contains much that is important and which was too long for reproduction in British newspapers. It is an able piece of Marxian analysis which can scarcely be to Nazi taste and which to a Russian listener would seem entirely convincing. Its not unimportant defect from our point of view is that it neglects the reality of the war with Germany. It assumes, for instance, that Britain's failure to fulfil old orders for industrial machinery has been due to ideological antagonism, whereas the real difficulty was to supply anyone with machinery in time of war. The speech, in fact, is all built up on the theory of the capitalist war against Russia, a thesis which has lost immediate relevance with the intensification of war in the West. Mr. Molotov can, of course, find plenty of factors to support his thesis in the past. The remarks he addressed to the Japanese suggest that nothing at present is coming of the proposed Soviet-Japanese understanding, but Russian fears will be no more allayed than American suspicions by the flattering remarks made to Japan by Sir Robert Craigie, British Ambassador in Tokio, or by the superb reference in the *Times* to the " Japanese experiment " in China. Soon, no doubt, we shall hear of Hitler's experiment in Poland and Stalin's experiment in Finland.

The German Communists and the Nazis

A somewhat different picture of Nazi-Communist relations is offered by an article by Walter Ulbricht, a German Communist, which apparently has the approval of the Party. Ulbricht, in reply to a suggestion that war should be waged against Germany and Russia, writes :

> The German Government declared itself ready for friendly relations with the Soviet Union : the Anglo-French war-bloc is determined on war with the Soviet-Union. . . . To support the war is all the more criminal since that power (Great Britain) . . is *the most reactionary force in the world.*

With regard to the position in Germany, Ulbricht writes :

> The oppression of nationalities . . . is grist to the mill of British imperialism which tries to conceal its true war-aims under the slogan of the liberation of the Austrian and Czech peoples. . . . British Imperialism and its helpers in Czechoslovakia only want to turn the country into a British protectorate, a jumping-off ground against the U.S.S.R. Without the oppression the masses in Austria and Czechoslovakia would fight more keenly against the British plan.

and denounces anyone who " intrigues against German-Soviet friendship as an enemy of the German people, an adjutant of British Imperialism. Though Ulbricht expressly disowns any intention of advocating a " bloc with the Nazi regime," it is difficult to see any difference whatsoever between his attitude and that of Dr. Robert Ley, especially as he incites workers in Germany to expose any Social Democrats or Catholics who remain " agents of British imperialism," that is who oppose the Nazi-Soviet Pact and work for the overthrow of the Nazi regime.

Anglo-French Co-operation

M. Frossard's visit is as welcome as it is overdue. For months the inconsistencies between British and French propaganda have largely diminished its influence, especially in Germany. It is to be hoped that the talks in London, as well as M. Bonnet's exclusion from the French Cabinet, may mean that the Austrian monarchist propaganda from the Paris radio will now cease. Besides talking, M. Frossard was able to see some excellent short films, first fruits of Sir Kenneth Clarke's work in the Cinema division of the Ministry of Information which entirely justify his appointment. Meanwhile, in the economic sphere, collaboration grows steadily closer. A brilliant French Mission makes the running, and already in the marketing of colonial produce and the division of labour in armaments production, common action between Britain, France and the Dominions is building an international structure which it will be hard for the advocates of " return to normalcy " to destroy when the war ends. This unspectacular work has more significance than speeches : nevertheless we can recognise last week's pronouncement of the War Council as an advance. The decisiveness of its tone, in emphasising the permanence and completeness of co-operation, was no doubt due to M. Reynaud, who has more vision than either M. Daladier or Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Savage and Mr. Fraser

The death of Mr. Savage, the first Socialist premier of a British Dominion, will be regretted by democrats throughout the Empire. With Mr. Walter Nash and Mr. Fraser, he formed the triumvirate which built the New Zealand Labour Movement, and not only won power, but held it after carrying the most drastic programme of social reform. Like his two colleagues he was a plain working man. " I've had a shot at everything " he used to say—and had been in his time, miner, farm-worker, shop-assistant, as well as worker in a brewery and in a flax-mill. A bachelor, he lived with a worker and his wife in Auckland, and when he came to Wellington as Premier, he brought his friends to keep house for him. Nor did he ever lose contact with the common people : when Cabinet or Parliament was not sitting, he made it a rule to be accessible to all callers. Mr. Savage was neither a theorist nor an administrator and his ideas were deeply influenced by Social Credit ; but he was wise enough to leave policy in the hands of Mr. Nash and Mr. Fraser, the brains of the triumvirate. Now Mr. Fraser succeeds him. Born in Scotland, he is a docker by trade and educated himself with the aid of the Workers Educational Association. His major interests are Education and Health, the two departments he has controlled, but his diplomatic skill and political flair have made him the natural head of the Party caucus. There could be no better successor to Mr. Savage.

The Minister for Agriculture

Since the Agricultural Wages Bill was an agreed measure, the debate last Wednesday was dull and Sir R. Dorman-Smith had an easy time. The debate, which may terminate his tenancy of office, continues in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, where Sir Reginald was unwise enough to reply to Mr. McDougall's attack. He excused the failure of the ploughing campaign by the hard winter—a possibility which he should have envisaged, since an extremely wet winter would have caused even greater difficulty—and tried to contravert figures by the assertion " I know the farming community well enough to feel sure that the fields of Great Britain will in due course provide an answer." This pitiable letter aroused first Lord Astor and then Mr. S. J. Wright, Director of the Oxford Agricultural Engineering Institute, to renew the attack. The latter was able to show that the shortage of equipment was no mere fantasy. Indeed the Minister has managed to create a unanimity of opinion unique among agricultural

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experts. By toadying to the National Farmers' Union Executive, a by no means representative body, and by steadily refusing to take advice he has both undermined his own position and impaired our agricultural effort.

Lord Stamp and the Labour Party

Sir John Simon's energetic repudiation of Lord Stamp's informal remarks at a recent press conference might seem to indicate that this year's budget will be uninfluenced by Mr. Keynes' arguments. At the end of a lengthy interview Lord Stamp, in answer to a question, agreed that sacrifices were necessary from the very large section of the community with incomes between £5 and £10 a week. Apparently he did not commit himself further, but even this was sufficient for the *Daily Herald*, which came out next day with an article, under banner headlines and on the front page, warning " wage-earners getting from £5 to £12 a week " that the main burden of the budget would fall on them. £12 a week is over £600 a year and it is a curious lapse for the *Herald* to appear more interested in the fate of the middle classes than of that vast majority of the population whose wages do not reach even £5 a week. It is a real disaster that the Labour Party has not yet had the courage to formulate a policy of war finance or even to face the fact that, if the standard of the poorer classes is to be maintained, the middle classes must bear some of the additional load. At present, so far as we can see, Labour condones Sir John Simon's drift towards inflation for fear of antagonising a class to which the bulk of its supporters and of *Daily Herald* readers have not the fortune to belong.

J. A. Hobson

Britain has known no more disinterested thinker and writer than J. A. Hobson. Partly because he did not wear an old school tie and partly because his first economic work departed from the ruts of current orthodoxy, Mr. Hobson never received academic recognition. If you wish to be an unorthodox economist in this country, it is well to keep your heresies until you are already established in a professorial chair. But Mr. Hobson's influence was immense and his famous under-consumption theory became in 1931 almost a commonplace. He remained an independent thinker, a Liberal reformer at heart, but one whose analysis of Imperialism was accepted by Lenin and whose proposals often formed the theoretical basis for Socialist thinking in this country. One of the early members of the Union of Democratic Control, he fought its battle throughout the last war and remained its chairman up to the last year of his life. That ironical turn of phrase that was so effective in his writing was even more devastating and delightful in his conversation. The two journals that owe most to him are THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and the *Manchester Guardian*. He was one of that group of thinkers who worked with Massingham to make *The Nation* the great power that it was in the last war, and he has contributed much to this journal in his later years. An apparently frail man, though once an athlete, he lived to see in his old age his theories largely accepted and his worst fears of the consequences of their neglect realised in this country. He was one of the old guard who really minded about intellectual integrity, and were prepared to run risks for freedom and for peace. He seemed without personal ambition—unless it was the ambition to think more clearly and live more unselfishly than other people.

Westminster Currents

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent.—The House of Commons reassembled in a better atmosphere, and a more confident mood. For better or worse the agony of Finland is over. We have escaped what many members secretly feared might prove to be another Walcheren expedition, and avoided an open breach with Russia. Whatever the Nazi propagandists may say, it is apparent that the grandiose plan for a Triple Alliance of the totalitarian States to carve up the Balkans and dominate the middle-east has failed to come off. The speech of Molotov has done nothing to allay the indignation which is felt in every quarter over the treatment of Finland. Nor has it diminished in the slightest degree the cynical suspicion with which the policy of the Soviet Government is now regarded. But I detect, even in die-hard Tory circles, a certain mental re-orientation as a result of the events of the past few days. There is a tendency to think less in terms of bombing Baku and Batum, and more about tightening the existing blockade—particularly in the Mediterranean.

The most depressing feature in an otherwise brighter situation remains the Treasury Bench. Upon the twin-governors of this country, the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, comment is unnecessary and superfluous. Their qualities and defects are equally well known, and also the fact that—with the full approval of the vast majority of their countrymen—they have landed us in the position in which we find ourselves to-day. There they sit, side by side, conscientious, industrious, competent within their own limitations, unimaginative, self-satisfied, and all-powerful. They have not the slightest intention of divesting themselves of any of this power, or of carrying through any reconstruction of the Government which might conceivably do so. There is, of course, Mr. Churchill—how we all cling to him these days !—but he seems increasingly content to plough his own furrow, and his appearances in the House are fleeting. Mr. Oliver Stanley has enhanced his reputation since he went to the War Office and Sir Andrew Duncan has succeeded in making a very favourable impression. But, with a few other exceptions, the rest of the Ministers, Under-Secretaries, and Parliamentary-Secretaries, are as undistinguished as they are indistinguishable, and sit about in a kind of stagnant heap.

In the circumstances it is a pity that the leadership of the Parliamentary Labour Party is not more vigorous. But the qualities of Mr. Attlee, which are fully recognised in the House of Commons, should not be under-estimated outside. Balance, judgment, and integrity of the kind he possesses are not often found in combination, and he holds his somewhat difficult team together in a way that a more vivid personality might not be able to do. Mr. Greenwood has not altogether succeeded in living up to the reputation he gained for himself during the critical days preceding the outbreak of war. Yet the debating power of the Opposition front bench has without question increased during recent weeks. Dr. Dalton and Mr. Shinwell in particular have made several extremely able speeches, rendered not less effective by a dash of genuine pugnacity ; and Mr. Garro-Jones is shaping well. On the Liberal Benches Sir Archibald Sinclair, supported by his strange little assortment of followers, who disagree with each other on practically every subject except loyalty and affection for him, contrives to maintain for his Party a parliamentary position out of all proportion to its numbers. But he is no more likely to touch a Chamberlain Government than the Labour leaders.

So the curtain rises once again upon a scene which, however much it may exasperate, never ceases to fascinate those who care about politics. We have begun with an attack on food prices, which is likely to extend over the whole agricultural front. It is a very vulnerable spot for the Government, who have to face a formidable and converging barrage of criticism from Mr. Lloyd George and their own back-benchers inside the House, now significantly reinforced by the *Times* and *Observer*.

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RUSSIA'S NEUTRALITY

SINCE the Allied Supreme Council met in London, with M. Reynaud as the spokesman of a more vigorous France, it has become even clearer than it was before, that this war is still as much a political as a military battle. The blockade is the main weapon of the Allies, and its efficiency depends on their dealings with numerous neutrals, who present the most diverse problems, some of them geographical, some political. It was in the last resort distance and the ground-plan of the European Continent that stood in the way of effective help for the Finns: the Poles went down unaided for the same reasons. In these regions the terrific military machine of the Germans, working on internal lines, was an instrument more potent than sea-power. The natural and proper reaction to that reverse has been a review of courses of action that lie within our means.

Are there not gaps in the blockade which bolder dealing might close? Norway and Rumania, Italy and Russia all engage attention, but call for widely different measures. Italy's status, we are told, is not that of a neutral: she is a non-belligerent enemy. This is a novelty in international relations. Its ambiguity is one of the reasons that compel the French and ourselves to maintain great forces in Syria, Egypt and Tunis, and to tolerate many leaks in the blockade. No doubt there lies ahead of us the opportune moment for the presentation of Italy's claims to aggrandisement in Africa and the Mediterranean, which the Duce will choose when he judges that our hopes are at a low ebb. His ability to exact concessions is lessened, however, by his strategic and military weakness and by our knowledge that the Italian people and army would regard active belligerency at Germany's side with indignation and alarm. In such conditions, London and Paris have the right to choose their moment to require from Italy, correct behaviour as a neutral without adjectives.

The problem of Germany's abuse of Norwegian territorial waters as a channel for the transport of Swedish iron-ore is rather more complex. On the plane of realistic calculation, much may be gained by forbidding the use of Narvik and, if technically possible, the use of the Gulf of Bothnia to the enemy. The effect of resolute action will also be to enhance the prestige of the Allies in their dealings with other neutrals. The moral risk, however, is no less obvious if we infringe a right which Norway is too weak to defend. Our best defence may be Mr. Attlee's plea, that if we should lose this war, no vestige of international law will survive our defeat.

Of all these problems, that of Russia, if it is not the most urgent, may be in the long run by far the most important. Mr. Churchill's broadcast on Saturday night was on this main issue clear-cut and sensible. The school of thought that wished to " spread the war " by attacking Russia has suffered a defeat in the councils of the Allies. Our enemy is Nazi Germany: we have no other. To reinforce her by bringing into the field the vast, if imperfectly organised, resources of Russia is a folly that, we hope, has been decisively rejected. M. Molotov's speech had in the meanwhile made it easier to take a realistic view of Russia's policy. It was not in tone friendly to the Allies. It followed the familiar conventions of Communist propaganda. Britain and France, which were in Litvinov's day " the peace-loving Powers " are now " the imperialists," and Germany escapes the lash of Marxist criticism. But in its more significant passages the speech made unwelcome reading for Berlin. Russia is not, after all, it seems, a non-belligerent ally: in the most emphatic language M. Molotov underlined the anxiety of his Government to achieve a genuine neutrality. The speech was addressed primarily to the peoples of the Soviet Union. M. Molotov took the greatest pains to reassure them. He went on to minimise the help which Russia is giving to Germany as a source of supply. She has, he declared, exported relatively less of her surplus than Rumania has done. A defective railway system and the needs of the Finnish war may, in fact, account for the disappointment of Germany's hopes. But there is no reason to think that the U.S.S.R. wishes Nazi Germany to win this war. Russian policy is clearly to improve her own position by keeping out of it and selling to both sides. If the belligerents are obliging enough to destroy themselves, the U.S.S.R. hopes to become their residual legatee.

What M. Molotov said about Bessarabia was consistent with this picture. He maintained Russia's historic claims to that province, but he said about them very much what Hitler used to say about the German colonies: he does not propose to enforce them by war. That pacific statement does not bind Moscow for ever, but it suggests that for the present Stalin has renounced any policy of adventure in the Balkans. It is probable that Hitler, bent on keeping Rumania for his own uses as oil-well and kitchen garden, has warned off Russian enterprise in this direction. That may account for the coolness towards Germany perceptible to a sensitive ear throughout this speech.

Stalin's agreement with Hitler precipitated this war. Whether he expected this result is anyone's guess. He probably expected a second Munich. In any case his determination was to use the opportunity to strengthen Russia's defences. This he did in three ways. He brought the whole of the Ukraine under Soviet rule and thereby lamed a dangerous irredentist movement. He won strategic control over the Baltic States, and he made Finland useless to any Power or Powers that might in future have used it as a base of operations against Leningrad. This open pursuit of *Realpolitik* was his response to Munich. He had withdrawn from any general concern for the politics of Europe. He distrusted the " appeasers " as much as he dreaded the Nazis. He would align himself for the time being with any Power that would permit him to strengthen his own defences against the West. Behind this realism lay the fears that have always haunted and guided the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. Like the French in their revolution, the Russians had to face a world in arms, and they have never lost this nightmare of their infancy. Sometimes it was a general capitalist combination that they dreaded, sometimes a parallel attack by Germany and Japan: of late their haunting fear was that Munich implied a tacit permission by Britain and France to Hitler to expand in the East at Russia's expense. Too often even when Downing Street was at length terrified into seeking an alliance with the Kremlin, it played on these fears by snubs and delays and a maladroit approach. Stalin has throughout played for his own hand with a complete lack of scruple, and he has got what in the main he wanted. He has divided the European Powers, and lest they should threaten him again, he has secured his frontiers on the West.

On this reading of Russian policy it would be reasonable to take at its face value M. Molotov's declaration of neutrality, and to render it as benevolent to ourselves as possible. There are other symptoms that confirm this impression. It was to London and not to Berlin that Russian diplomacy first turned, when Stalin decided to end the Finnish war. If we may trust the reports of neutral journalists in Berlin, some hitch has prevented a visit of M. Molotov to that capital. And now M. Maisky seeks to reopen conversations for a trading agreement.

On a review of these indications those who rid themselves of all "ideological" considerations and think only of the dangerous situation in which everyone, workers and capitalists, find themselves in Britain and France, we reach the view that a genuine attempt should be made to produce results from Russia's new approach to Britain. Trade in the circumstances cannot be a mere commercial transaction. All trading to-day is a phase and function of a war for survival. If to any significant degree Russia wishes to trade with us, she perceives as clearly as we do that this will affect our fortunes in the struggle. The wise course would be to feel our way, with a disposition to lessen her dependence upon Germany. We urgently need her timber, and she wants machinery and rubber, but if we could buy up her surplus of oil and manganese, or any appreciable part of it, the deal would rank as a major victory. Trade, needless to say, has to be considered in relation to the blockade of Germany. Any useful negotiations would have to include a discussion of the abuse that we have reason to suspect—that Vladivostok and the Trans-Siberian railway are being used to transport cargoes, including the rarer minerals, to Germany.

It will not be easy to reach an understanding. The greatest difficulties are psychological. The only method is to take for granted the fears, suspicions and deep animosities of both parties and, leaving them aside, consider M. Maisky's overtures in a spirit of cool self-interest. Anger over Finland, wounded *amour-propre* over former negotiations, detestation of plutocracy on the one side, loathing of Bolshevism on the other—if these are allowed to enter into the discussions nothing useful will arise. The only basis, while Stalin is in power in Russia and Mr. Chamberlain is in power in Britain, is to begin by saying that we in Britain are bloodstained Imperialists and they in Russia are bloodstained Bolsheviks and that a deal may possibly suit both Powers since both have excellent reasons to fear the triumph of Nazi Germany. If, as we believe, Stalin is not finally or fatally tied to Hitler's chariot wheels there is a chance of success. Loosen and then break this ill-omened partnership, and we shall have extinguished in the heart of the German people its hope of victory.

In Berlin General Göring cheers his young airmen with the prospects of an early death before the Maginot Line. That he is forced to make these threats is an excellent sign, but for the Allies a military defensive and a diplomatic offensive is the strategy of wisdom. And such negotiations must be nicely varied to suit the case: it is still possible to make Mussolini's position as a non-belligerent enemy too uncomfortable to maintain, and to ensure that a genuine neutrality repays Russia better than a totalitarian bloc.

THE RELEVANCE OF IRELAND

"I DON'T understand how anyone like you, concerned with the issues of European politics, can bother your head about the antics of a twopenny-ha'penny country like this—surely Irish affairs are irrelevant . . ." I am paraphrasing what one of my friends in Dublin said to me the other day—a civil servant and novelist of acknowledged eminence; and his remark has set me thinking.

First of all—what *do* they think about the war? What effect is it having upon Eire? Well, I need hardly say that the policy of neutrality, sometimes called non-belligerency, meets with general, nay enthusiastic, approval. Men of all parties are united in a determination to "keep out"; it is only Mr. de Valera himself, nearer to harsh realities, who adds the qualifying words—"if we can." The man in the street, if he thinks about it at all, can only bless the day that "Dev." devised the queer formula of External Association *vis-à-vis* the British Commonwealth which makes that neutrality possible. No Treaty of Alliance between the United Kingdom and an independent Eire could have achieved the same object; while any presumption on the part of Whitehall that Ireland was in duty bound to accept the consequences of her position within the British sphere of influence might well have kindled again the flames of civil war. (The British Government was well advised to refrain from making the Conscription Act operative in Northern Ireland, in view of the Nationalist leavening of the Loyalist lump.)

A European country where people are not living under the shadow of war is really rather a phenomenon. "I believe," said Senator Quirke in the historic session of September 2nd, 1939, when neutrality was proclaimed, "we are definitely the happiest country in Europe to-day," and a few weeks ago Prof. W. H. Porter of University College, Cork, hit the headlines with a statement that if anyone could tell him of a single European country where the things that sweeten life were more available than in Ireland, he would take a single ticket to it at once. When I was in Dublin at the end of February there were still brave spirits out to prove that, in spite of heavy taxation, growing unemployment and the rising cost of living—a shade higher than ours—Eire was better off than any other land on this side of the Atlantic.

This much is true. There is no European country so free from tiresome restrictions; petrol rationing in a mild way is the only direct incidence of the war. There was A.R.P. darkness for a few weeks last September; but then, following a protest from the German Minister against such unneutral action, the black-out arrangements were suspended, and the cowls over the street lamps in some districts are the sole visible evidence of the danger of air attack, should that ever suit the book of the *Realpolitiker* in Berlin. The Ministry of Supplies under Sean Lemass, De Valera's ablest lieutenant, has ensured a smooth transition to the new economic regime necessitated by war conditions overseas. And, aside from Partition, the only constitutional reef which neutral Eire seems to have struck at present is the pretty problem of the letters of credence of Dr. T. J. Kiernan, head of the Dublin Broadcasting Service, appointed to be Irish Minister in Berlin last autumn but still immobilised.

It is, of course, neutrality with a difference. The nation is no more morally neutral than the U.S.A. The barbarities committed by the Nazi regime have lost Germany nearly all her friends, who were not few. Her confabulation with Soviet Russia in particular has put her beyond the pale. And so, for the first time in history, you have a war in which the mass of the Irish people in their secret hearts want Britain to win. At the same time Irish nationalism retains its anti-British impetus. Mr. de Valera has to walk warily. On the other hand, geography is here as inexorable as history has proved to be for other aspects of Anglo-Irish relations. Mr. de Valera owes his opportunity of implementing the will of the people entirely to the protective might of the British Navy—and he knows it. And Irishmen, generally, are making no bones about this new-old dependence, accepting gladly the economic benefits of the British connection—trade with the U.K. has increased from 93 to 98 per cent.—and comforting themselves with the thought that, so long as Britannia rules the waves in this hemisphere, their country, Britain's larder, will be assured of her portion of the king's bounty. (After all, the Irish farmers continued to thrive on the British market throughout "the troubles" of 1920-21.) Should that portion be diminished owing to shipping difficulties, well then, Dev.'s policy of modulated self-sufficiency will have been vindicated.

£25,000,000 approximately is the value of the raw materials which Eire must import annually: coal, cotton, timber, oil, all the metals and certain semi-manufactured products, to say nothing of a certain percentage of her wheat and feeding-stuffs. So far there has been little or no diminution of the imports necessary for the Irish factories. The supply of maize, on the other hand, has fallen off, and, as time goes on, the shipping of a bulky commodity like wheat is going to be more and more difficult. Hence the Government's decision last winter in favour of compulsory tillage—farmers must cultivate for crops one-eighth of the total amount of land in their possession.

The national interest, therefore, no less than the interest of the United Kingdom, requires an expansion of Irish agricultural production. But it is going to be a slow process. The Irish farmer does not take kindly to new ideas or governmental inspiration. Meanwhile the main consideration must be to assure the import of essential raw materials, and that depends on the maintenance or improvement of the present good relations with England. Officially, of course, Anglo-Irish relations are excellent these days. Mr. Sean Lemass even had the grace to express appreciation the other day in the Dail of the attitude of the various British authorities controlling the supply of commodities: for example, the British Government's purchase at remunerative prices of all the flax to be produced in the Twenty-Six Counties this coming season, whereby Eire is able to share in the flax boom being enjoyed by the North. Sir John Maffey, the British Representative, fulfilling functions similar to those of Mr. J. W. Dulanty in London, has made a wholly favourable impression—at the time of the execution of the two men sentenced for the Coventry bomb outrage, a paragraph was printed conspicuously in the *Irish Press* affirming that the British agent and his staff had done their utmost to obtain clemency.

Outside the official sphere, however, the old anti-British leaven is still working. The popular clamour for mitigation of the death sentence surprised even the best judges of Irish opinion. Not that many disputed the actual verdict. The claim of Tom Barry, the well-known I.R.A. leader in Cork, that he had proofs of the men's innocence was widely regarded as mere delaying tactics, a questionable ruse. No, the appeal on their behalf, endorsed incidentally by the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, the *Irish Times* and even the local British Legion branches, was essentially one *ad misericordiam*—with the underlying idea, which, obviously, could not be shouted from the housetops, that in the circumstances magnanimity was the highest wisdom. The I.R.A. "soldiers" believe that they are countering Britain's "continuing aggression"—did they not solemnly convey to the British Foreign Secretary in January of last year a "declaration of war"?—and therefore, by the peculiar processes of Irish logic, they are entitled to treatment as prisoners of war. To have resisted the nation-wide appeal for clemency was a grave blunder for which Britain may yet pay dear.

The Irish capacity for finding and hugging grievances is no doubt infuriating to the complacent British patriot. But it is none the less a fact to be reckoned with. It is most instructive to read the Senate and Dail debates and see the capital which is still made out of anti-British sentiment. Thus, a reference to Poland "who was attacked . . ." produces the interjection (by Senator Madden) "and we were attacked during 750 years." A debate on the bombing activities in Great Britain elicits more than one complaint about "the terrible outrage perpetrated on this country" in the Partition.

Even now Mr. de Valera is not prepared publicly to condemn the employment of violence in itself. In recent speeches he has taken the line that the action of irresponsibles is to be deprecated because it cannot possibly be effective and that the Government alone was entitled to use force, should constitutional methods prove unavailing. In the last important Senate debate, on February 9th, 1939, talking of the oppressed Catholic population of Tyrone and Fermanagh, South Down, South Armagh and Derry City, where the Nationalist element is overwhelmingly strong, he even went so far as to say: "If we had behind us the strength of some of the Continental Powers I would feel perfectly justified in using force to prevent the coercion of these people."

This atavistic slanging of Britain is harmless enough. But heaven knows what the earnest and humourless Nazi agents may have made of it—especially of a sally like that of the Prime Minister which I have just quoted! It is now, when the Germans are under the spell of grandiose schemes for world domination that the unresolved problem of Partition does constitute in Mr. de Valera's own words, "a dangerous situation which ought to be remedied as soon as possible." The German plans range from landings of troop detachments at various points of the Irish coast (on the assumption that, their leadership in a rising against the British oppressor will be welcomed), through large-scale air attacks *plus* parachute landings and the establishment of an air base from which to launch repeated attacks on Britain and the transport of Irish foodstuffs, to the "Grand Design" of Ribbentrop for, literally, the isolation of England by destruction of her sea communications and the occupation of Ireland as an outpost for warding off possible action by America. They have their *Gauleiter* all ready to take over, we know. In the latest apocalyptic vision of the *Führer*, as transcribed by Herr von Studnitz in the article of *Die Woche* made available recently, Ireland is to have the honour (after establishment of its own unity, of course, by the grace of Germany) of serving as the ground-plan for the reconstruction of Europe.

It is typical Teuton phantasmagoria, of course. But there *is* a smouldering grievance in the continued protection given by London to the forces of privilege and bigotry in Belfast. And everything should be done to help the moderate elements on both sides of the border to remove this stain on the British escutcheon—even if it means uprooting vested interests and prejudices in the Conservative Party. Mr. de Valera is ready at any time to enter into a round-table discussion with representatives of the North—has been for years: only the British must, so to speak, carpenter the table. Lord Londonderry, hand-in-glove with Lord Craigavon and his cabal, was always pointing out that "the callous ignoring of Germany's just demands in the post-war epoch brought a swift nemesis"; let him preach the virtue of peaceful change and appeasement to his friends in Belfast, otherwise, as the sea war is intensified and our need of Ireland increases, the mischief done to the British cause may be irreparable. Just a little imagination and generosity, such as were absent from the Cabinet's decision on the Coventry bomb outrage sentences, and we can remove the one remaining Irish grievance and make quite sure of that "free and friendly Ireland" of which Lord Halifax spoke in his great speech of June 28th, 1939.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

A LONDON DIARY

As Trinity College, Cambridge, deprived Bertrand Russell of his fellowship and H.M. Government put him in prison because he was a pacifist in the last war, we in this country have no right, I suppose, to throw stones at Americans because his appointment as Professor of Philosophy and Logic at the City College, New York, has been rescinded. The United States has no objection to his pacifism. Pacifist isolationism is all the vogue, especially among the sort of patriots who persecuted the Left most violently after the last war. The charge against Bertrand Russell, put forward with great elaboration and long quotations from his books by Bishop Manning, is that he has written in approval of companionate marriage and held that adultery is not necessarily a sin. The United States, one must remember, is a very pure place; some States are so pure that they do not allow divorce at all, and those who get divorced have to go elsewhere to do so. That keeps them pure. Looking through a bunch of cuttings from New York papers discussing the issue, one finds one of the members of the Board of Higher Education, which originally appointed Bertrand Russell, saying "Yes, I read two of his books. I am certain that Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin would vote for him, too, if they were on the Board of Education. A man's private life is his private life. Just because Thomas Edison chewed tobacco that is no reason why we should not use his electric lights." On the other hand, a Rabbi of the Civic Centre Synagogue writes: "One of our higher institutions of learning is about to be sullied by the contemplated addition to its distinguished faculty of a notorious foreign atheist whose praise of adultery still rings in the blushing ears of his countrymen." Bertrand Russell's offence, of course, was to discuss the relationship of the sexes with honesty and realism. That is more than one can expect the middle-aged to do on either side of the Atlantic. But I notice that the students of the City University, who were to study philosophy and logic under Bertrand Russell, voted 29 in favour and only 1 against. It is possible that they wanted to understand something about philosophy. Perhaps the student who pointed out that Bertrand Russell was after all one of the world's most brilliant living philosophers, who had been considered good enough for Harvard and Chicago and might be thought good enough for the City College, really spoke for the younger generation.

* * *

"Doubtless, oh Lord, Thou hast seen it reported in the *Manchester Guardian*. . . ." So, according to the old story, began the Minister in the Chapel Prayer meeting. Doubtless the Lord had, but He has in these days to look in vain throughout the rest of the British press to find an informative report of any expression of unpopular opinion. I am thinking this week in particular of the accounts of the Students' Congress at Leeds. One must not, of course, take the resolutions of a student congress too seriously. The mass of students say little and swim with the current. Only a small minority are interested in conferences and those are apt to be pushing, forward people whose opinions will more often be Left than representative. But that does not mean that they are unimportant. The politically conscious are always a minority and in the long run they make opinion. If this war goes on for years some of these students who passed resolutions about war and education and democracy at Leeds may be among our rulers. They voted (281 to 150 with 48 abstentions) that the war is against the interests of every country and that it is the duty of the students of all countries to work to end it. That surely is a truism; the problem which a student body can avoid facing and which people of responsibility cannot evade is how to bring it to an end in a way that will not be intolerable to us all, including most of the students who voted for this resolution. The other significant resolutions were all socialist and anti-imperialist. In a word, these students (what proportion of them were Communists?) all wished to stand for a new order of society, and regard our present rulers as out-of-date plutocrats who can only fight for the interests and values of the *status quo*. In this they seem to me perfectly right and, in the confused deadlock of this war, I take consolation in the belief that it may give an opportunity to leaders who understand the necessity for a new social order.

* * *

Lord Elton is an unfailing source of entertainment. Until recently the most credulous of Municheers, he has now discovered that the Germans are pagans as well as barbarians. He quotes, for our imitation, the "clear-cut" faith of the *Song of Roland*, "Christians are right, Pagans are wrong," and insists that the first object of the war is the defence of Christianity. "The proverbial good fortune of the British Commonwealth," he explains in a letter to the *Times*, "withdrew Stalin from our proffered embraces, thus allowing the coming war to become in fact, what it had always been in theory, a crusade." Lord Elton presumably hopes that our proverbial good fortune will similarly withdraw from our embraces Turkey, Egypt and Irak, to say nothing of India. It is odd how this ex-Labour Peer forgets how small a proportion of our far-flung Empire is or wants to be Christian. Certainly we owe to the Christian tradition part of our belief in the value of the individual; but that has little to do with the "clear-cut" Christianity on whose behalf Lord Elton would have us "crusade." Lord Elton uses the word not in the loose popular sense but as an historical analogy. Could there be worse? Lord Elton used to be a lecturer in modern history, and may remember that the conduct of the Crusades was discreditable and their result a defeat.

* * *

I was interested to see that the Coventry City Council last Tuesday discussed a lengthy report on the negotiations in which its representatives have been engaged with the Government Departments. Whitehall now admits that of the 30,000 immigrants arriving this year only half can be accommodated in billets or lodgings. This means that houses or hostels are needed for some 15,000 people, not to mention roads, transport, schools, etc. This conclusion has been reached seven months after war began, when the shadow factories in which they are to work are already well under way. Still, it is never too late to mend, and the proposed compromise for sharing the cost is an interesting experiment. Mr. Eliot now instructs the Council, apart from the 1,000 houses planned before the war, to build up to 2,000 new houses and one or more hostels. The sites for these new houses will probably be slum clearance areas in the middle of the City, and no subsidy will be payable. True, Mr. Eliot promises that if after the war "it appears that some of the houses at present under consideration are in excess of normal needs and are available for rehousing," he may regard them as slum-clearance houses qualifying for subsidy. But this must be poor consolation to a City which knows that this huge influx of population is entirely occasioned by the war and must therefore look forward to a certain post-war slump. As for schools, that matter has still to be discussed with the Board of Education. What makes the whole affair still more fantastic is the plight of Oxford, under 60 miles away. Here an immigrant population of at least 10,000, drawn by the lure of the motor trade, watches the position in the Morris and the Pressed Steel factories go from bad to worse. They have bought their houses or been housed by the Council; and schools, transport, medical services have been provided at great cost to the City and County ratepayer for an area which nearly doubled its population in fifteen years. Why cannot these two great factories be converted, instead of forcing the Oxford immigrants to migrate once again? Last January the Mayor of Oxford upbraided me for calling Oxford a distressed area and assured THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers that the worst was over. I fancy he would not be so confident to-day. I should like to hear him talking with the Mayor of Coventry about their respective troubles! Quite a lot might come out of that conversation.

* * *

Referring to my note on the reform of the public schools, a correspondent suggests that it is not the public school system but the free-place system which really prejudices social equality in this country. First of all the cream of working-class intelligence is skimmed off and then it is carefully pasteurised in secondary schools. The secondary schoolboy of working-class origin who goes into the professions and the technical or administrative branches of industry, must usually remain "non-political" if he wants to be sure of his job; and since he has joined the most "anti-Red" class of the community, he usually accepts this attitude as part of his new social status. My correspondent quotes as evidence the example of Bristol, where only one of the 56 Labour members of the Council is an ex-scholarship holder; and I think most other local authorities would give much the same results. But I don't think his argument invalidates my suggestions about the public and preparatory schools. Why our national system of education has not broken down class-differences is because it grew up alongside or rather subordinate to an established system of class-education. The secondary school still too often apes the public school, and the content of its education is largely determined by examinations inspired by the old universities. Until you have purged this class-education of its snobberies, it is bound to spoil your national system. There are a few officials in the Board of Education who share this view. They find that their progressive ideas are blocked not only by the heads of the public schools and older universities but by the fact that politics and the civil service alike are largely manned by their products, who cannot think in terms of a really democratic system.

* * *

The other day (so runs the story) Mr. Smith was travelling on the Bakerloo. Putting down his paper he was surprised to see that a workman sitting opposite him had a pigeon on either knee. Two stations later he could no longer stifle his curiosity, and said: "Excuse me, but I must say those pigeons are remarkably well-trained." "Oh," said the workman, "I don't know anything about them. They got in at Trafalgar Square."

CRITIC

MISÈRE

Was it wise to reshuffle the pack
When the pips had got used to their places?
True, the hand showed a pitiful lack
Of trump cards and honours and aces
A vote of "No Confidence Tricks" is
Quite on the cards at St. Stephen's:
For the Cabinet sevens and sixes
Will still be at sixes and sevens.

G. H. W. R.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Richard Coventry.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

"It is no use blaming the Legislature, who have society to protect, for not dealing with your case psychologically," said Sir Gerald (the Recorder). "When you broke into the house you did not break in psychologically; you went in through the window."—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*

Yes, we are assuredly returning to black, but it will be black with the most original touches. For example, one little tailor-made suit had five yellow medals dangling from the waist on gilt chains. These were inscribed, "Tittle-tattle lost the battle"—a timely warning, as well as an effective decoration.—Woman's Page, *Glasgow Bulletin.*

RIFLE SHOOTING
Good Prospects for the Summer.—*Times.*

I protest against the lowering of moral tone in Glasgow and elsewhere during the last months. Theatres are permitting more risqué jokes. London shows have gone naked. Even in Edinburgh I see girls smoking shamelessly in trams.—"Alarmed," Campbeltown, in *Daily Express.*

This urge for unnecessary and excessive reproduction appears to be a feature of all vermin: sparrows, locusts, rabbits, rats—and Russians.—Major C. S. Jarvis in *Country Life.*

THAT GERMANY

A Stanley Characterised

The successor of the Jew, Hore Belisha, in the British War Ministry has confirmed the opinions expressed in Germany at the time when he took office. By his inclusion, one of the vilest and extremest war-mongers, even if his intelligence is somewhat limited, has been added to the Chamberlain-Churchill Cabinet.—*Völkischer Beobachter*, March 22nd, 1940.

Italy through German Eyes

In Rome the Minister of Education, Pavolini, summed up the significance of the anniversary of the Fascist revolution in a great speech. He recalled the battle against the out-worn parliamentary system and how it had led to the one-party state, totalitarian and authoritarian. He then stressed that already in 1919, in speech and in writings, Mussolini had emphasised that Versailles had been a *Diktat*, not only for Germany but also for Italy. He was the first man to demand a revision of the brutal methods of this treaty. For Fascism he concluded, there is no dilemma of war or peace. We demand one thing unconditionally, that out of the present convulsions Italy shall issue with her problems solved.—*National Zeitung*, March 26th, 1940.

The Italian observer who knows conditions in Germany well says that to-day in Germany everyone without exception obtains everything which he needs to maintain his health, his work and his morale. This conclusion contrasts strikingly with the observations which Italian foreign correspondents have made in England and France. *Resto del Carlino* comes to the conclusion to-day in a description of the domestic political problems of Britain and France that the permanent domestic crises in London and Paris are symptoms of the inadequacy of the so-called democratic constitutions. Public opinion is beginning to realise that there is a great difference between the declaration of war and its prosecution. Although six months of war are already passed the democracies increasingly feel that the 3rd of September was by no means an inspiring day for them.—*Völkischer Beobachter*, March 27th, 1940.

Goebbels' White Paper

These documents manifest a determination to prosecute war against Germany; they show it so clearly that no further doubt is now possible that important circles in England, France and Poland, even before Munich, were determined on a war with Germany and maintained this determination after the Munich Conference. Bullitt's report includes the words: "If war breaks out we shall certainly not take part in it at the beginning, but we shall finish it," and thereby shows that American participation in the war on the side of England and France at a later date is probable.—*Dienst aus Deutschland*, Berlin, March 30th, 1940.

The Indian Princes

The Indian Princes have assured their loyalty to the British Emperor. This is not surprising since these Indian Maharajas have no basis for existence except dependence on England. . . . They are an important element in the plutocratic hegemony of London over the greater part of the world. A newspaper reader of the western world must be overawed by the wealth, palaces, precious stones and the court of these Indian chiefs; and many of our own cinema-goers have felt the same when twice in twenty years a film was offered them under the title of *The Maharaja's Sweetheart*. No word more closely shows the difference between National-Socialist and plutocratic thought than this word Maharaja. . . . The decision of the Indian Princes has proved that the leadership in the struggle for India's freedom is not to be found among them but among the masses. The parallel with European development is clear. The future of India belongs to men of the people; the Maharajas can have no claim to and no hope of keeping their thrones and palaces after England's control of India ceases.—*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, March 14th, 1940.

No Holiday Pay for Jews

The industrial court in Velbert rejected the claim of a Jew for payment for the two Christmas holidays and New Year's Day and refused him costs. The claim was based on the decree regulating the conditions of labour under the Four-Year Plan, from which Jews were not expressly excluded. In the course of the judgment it was observed that in the introduction to the decree referred to, it is stated that fellow-workers in the Führer's great plan of reconstruction shall be paid for holidays. The pay shall not be taken as an increase of wages but as a reward for collaboration. Since the Jew can never be a collaborator with the Führer and since further he refuses to recognise Saints Days as such, this special concession does not affect him. Furthermore, the plaintiff cannot argue that the Jews are not expressly excluded in the decree. At the time when the decree was published there were so few Jews in Germany working for an hourly wage or piece-work rates, that it must be assumed that no special thought had been given to these few Jews.—*National Zeitung*, March 22nd, 1940.

A PATENTS POOL

ALWAYS the question arises in discussing a managed economy for the New Industrial Revolution—" What about patents ? "

It was raised over H. G. Wells' draft Declaration of the Rights of Man when he made Man " joint inheritor " of inventions. " Does that mean," an eminent lawyer asked, " that inventors are to be deprived of the incentive of reward ? " My reply was that the reward-incentive to inventors to-day is largely an illusion, that most work which produces inventions is team-work and that, in any event, the ultimate reward goes to the big financial or industrial concerns which sponsor or " nobble " the inventions. As Sir John Orr said to me recently, " Scientific advance is like a reef built by innumerable coral insects. Unseen and unknown scientists add their bit, until like a spike of coral the results appear above the surface. Those who produce the spike get the credit."

Even in the case of inventors, who are financially successful, the reward is only relative. Edison, the most commercially prolific of them all, never in the plutocratic sense " made money." The millions which accrued to him went back into research. That was the only use he had for it. He sold his General Electric stock, for instance, and sank two million dollars in his idea of magnetic ore-milling. When he lost it all his only comment was " But we had a helluva good time spending it." His financial exploiters, Jay Gould, Vanderbilt and the rest, made the money. He was just their patents " stooge." Before he died his inventions had brought into existence £4,000,000,000 worth of capital wealth in the United States alone. Sir Ambrose Fleming, who followed up the " Edison Effect " and gave us the thermionic valve, which made broadcasting, wireless-telephony and the talkies possible, got only his retainer as scientific adviser to the Marconi Company.

Madame Curie, and her husband Pierre, discussed an offer from America, from those who wanted to exploit their technique for producing radium. Pierre told her what it meant. They could consider themselves the inventors of radium, claim the rights over manufacture. Radium which had been first produced in a miserable shed could thus give them a fine new laboratory. Marie answered " It is impossible. It would be contrary to the scientific spirit." And, having made Man the inheritor, they set off happily for a run on their bicycles. That high idealism has scarcely been reflected by those responsible for the financial exploitation of what their genius produced.

Where was the reward incentive in any of these cases ? The one who had the least satisfaction was Fleming. As he points out in his autobiography, " One firm has sold valves for years made exactly in accordance with my patent specification, which they advertise and mark as ' Marconi Valves,' though the Marquis Marconi had nothing to do with the invention. In the same way, other firms advertise ' Cossor Rectifier Valves,' ' Phillips Valves,' ' Osram Valves,' which are absolutely identical in principle with my legally certified valve, referred to by Mr. Justice Sargant as the ' Fleming Valve.' "

All Samuel Crompton ever got for the mule jenny was £5,000 granted him as a reward by the State. And when Bolton, in living memory, built a statue to him, they had to bring his grandson out of the local workhouse. They paraded him through the streets, stood him a " knife-and-fork " tea and sent him back to the workhouse. The whole history of industrial development is full of similar instances.

Nowadays, the position of the inventor is even more obscure. A friend of mine has beaten Edison's record of 1,000 patent registrations. Most of these are merely modifications, but they have been important in the electrical industry. All he ever got for them was 5*s.* each, the nominal fee paid to him by his firm, which automatically claimed them. That is modern commercial practice. It is the same in State research. Patents filed by research workers of for instance the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, are transferred to the Government.

To-day " team work " is essentially the basis of inventions. The lone wolf, with a new idea, has an almost impossible task in finding financial backing.

Dr. Levinstein, in *British Patent Laws, Ancient and Modern*, estimates that 95 per cent. of patents are purely obstructive. It is one of the safest forms of legal blackmail. Every major development of recent years is a Case History of patent litigation—the motor car, the talkies, wireless, television, aviation, and so on. Millions have gone into the pockets of the lawyers, multi-millions into the pockets of the companies which hold the blocking patents. Worse still, under threat of obscure patents, liable to be produced like a crooked ace from the sleeve of some big corporation, advances which would benefit mankind have been held up.

Patent-holding is a tangled skein, knotted up in international cartels. The activities of these are not merely confined to price-fixing and " selling zones " but include the sharing of scientific secrets and patents. In the Chemical Cartel, with its system of collateral patents, the German I.G. filed 555 new patent processes in one year, Du Ponts 508 and I.C.I. 270.

By protecting their discoveries, scientists could sometimes prevent exploitation. Would the Curies have done a greater service to mankind by securing the rights in radium-technology ?

On the other hand, I remember the bitterness of British medical scientists, when having produced synthetic Vitamin D (Calciferol), a watch-glassful of which would provide doses for 40,000 ricketty children, they found it was covered by a master-patent held by the University of Wisconsin. Steenbock and Black of that University had, in 1924, patented the irradiation of foodstuffs, by ultra-violet light, as a means of producing Vitamin D. Calciferol was irradiated ergosterol. The commercial house which controls the patent in this country assured me that the royalties were purely nominal. It was the implications and complications, however, which annoyed the British scientists.

Wisconsin University has done very well out of the proceeds. That may be one way of making science " pay its way," but lots of scientists are dubious because they regard it as holding up the benefits to humanity.

What, then, is the answer ? I am prepared to dispute the reward incentive in modern research and invention. For one thing, to whom in equity do we give the reward or the credit ? James Watt reaped both the rewards and the credit of being the inventor of the steam-engine. He owed that largely to Matthew Boulton, who helped him to develop the idea commercially. But what about Joseph Black who, pursuing as Professor of Chemistry at Glasgow his theory of latent heat, put Watt on to the idea of the condenser and helped him with £1,000 ? Or Watts' predecessors, Newcomen, Savory, the Marquis of Winchester, and Hero of Alexandria, who in the second century B.C. forestalled the idea of the Parson steam-turbine by 2,000 years ?

Ask anyone who " invented " wireless, and the odds are that the reply will be " Marconi." What of Faraday, or the American, Joseph Henry (both " on to it " in the 1840's), Clerk Maxwell, Hertz, Lodge, and Fleming—not forgetting J. J. Thompson, whose discovery of the electron was the clue to the Edison Effect ? Shall we reward the Wright Brothers for the aeroplane, and forget Sir George Cayley, who developed the idea of the power-driven, heavier-than-air machine a hundred years before ?

An invention or scientific discovery is rarely original. It is usually accumulative. It may be spread over generations, or it may be the result of a few years' intensive team-work, or it may be both. Witness the miracle drugs of the twentieth century—the sulphpyradines, the sulphanilamides and sulphanomides. Child-bed fever, pneumonia, cerebrospinal fever, all death-dealing diseases of the worst kind, have been tamed by their magic. Perkin discovered aniline dye in 1856. Out of it rose the great German dyestuffs industry. In 1910 Paul Ehrlich showed that drugs could have a selective action on germs within the human body. More recently, seeking new outlets for dyes products, a German team, under Domagk and Horlein, worked for ten years to prove that red aniline dye could be used safely to destroy germs as well as stain them. They succeeded with "prontosil." But it needed Dr. Colebrook and Dr. Meave Kennedy at Queen Charlotte's hospital to prove its effects in saving mothers' lives. Another team, at May and Bakers, Ilford, then took "prontosil" to pieces to discover which was the property which slowed up pneumonia in mice. After 693 experiments, they gave us "M. and B. 693," one of the greatest drugs of all time. Now from the U.S.A. comes the claim that a further advance has been made.

The trustee for Man as the "joint inheritor" must be the State in the first place. There seems to be little difficulty about that, since a patent is just the grant of a State monopoly, established by James I. The Patent and Designs Act of 1907 lays it down that a patent is only conferred "provided that any Government Department may by themselves, their agents, contractors or others at any time after the application, use the invention for the service of the Crown on such terms as may . . . be agreed on with the approval of the Treasury . . . ."

The significance in wartime is obvious. It could just as simply operate as a controlling factor in the New Industrial Revolution. It is the wedge of State Ownership. A Development Board could co-ordinate team-work, stimulate the ingenuity of inventors now frustrated or exploited. The results would be new State industries, which would not mean either confiscation or buying out vast vested interests. It could offset the cost of national basic services or industries, now passing into obsolescence or, at least, demanding a "competent receiver" in the form of State ownership.

Some of us have been arguing the "infant industries" form of nationalisation as the guiding principle of the New Industrial Revolution. But we were not being any more original than most inventors. I find that "Dangle" (A. M. Thompson) was arguing the same thesis in a *Clarion* pamphlet of thirty years ago—*Socialism and Inventions*. My excuse now is even greater urgency. As he said:

"It is easier to place to-morrow's butter out of the dog's reach than to extract that of yesterday from his mouth."

But since no inventions are truly national, a "patents pool" demands also some form of international trusteeship for Man's "inheritance." That was one of the arguments for a World Association of Science.

RITCHIE CALDER

REVENONS À NOS MOUTONS

Civilians complain . . . there is too much mutton and too little beef . . . nearly all is commandeered for the troops. Representations are being made to the War Office to take a greater proportion of mutton. —*Daily Telegraph*, April 1st.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who would not be on mutton fed
To save his own, his native land!
Whose palate shrinks, whose stomach turns,
Who his official ration spurns,
Who asks for beef when beef is banned!
If such there are (and such there be)
Their taste amounts to treachery,
Raw joints thrown back upon the State
Unseasonable glut create.
We grow like that which we devour
And in this world-decisive hour
The roast beef of Old England's might
Befits the soldier's appetite,
Civilians must to mutton keep
Becoming more and more like sheep.

* * *

Commend O Reith, this prudent course,
The home front from its torpor shake,
The vigour of our rump-fed force
Is worth an age without a steak!

SAGITTARIUS

THE NAKED TRUTH

THERE has been a great to-do lately about nakedness on the stage; and the protests against it have come not only from bishops and retired colonels, but from people who are certainly not puritans and from chorus-girls who are compelled to appear naked in order to earn a living. It is strange that human beings are still unable to agree as to whether the naked body is indecent or not. After centuries of experience we are as deeply divided about the matter as ever, thousands of us rushing to the theatre doors as soon as we hear that there is an undraped figure to be seen and a few score of us protesting to the editors of newspapers that civilisation as well as the chorus is casting off its last garments.

Few people would go so far, I imagine, as to say that the naked body in itself is an indecent spectacle. Naked we came into the world and naked every morning we step into our baths. Even so most of us retain a slight prejudice against being seen naked by other people. We sympathise with the Victorian lady who, taking a shower-bath in a West of Ireland hotel, was alarmed to hear a voice from above the ceiling calling out: "Stand a little to the west, ma'am. I can't rightly reach you where you're standing" (he was pouring the water through the shower-sieve from a bucket). Modesty of some kind or other is second nature with us. I remember during the last war how much I disliked the prospect of standing naked in a batch of naked men waiting for an Army medical examination. (Nobody would mind it much nowadays.) It seemed rather beneath the dignity of a married man in his thirties. At the same time, I confess, when I did at last stand naked, surrounded by the naked, under the glass roof of the White City, I was as little worried by it as I should have been if I had been spending my afternoons like that for years. When I saw a doctor prodding another temporary nudist like a farmer examining a pig at a fair, I trusted that this would not happen to me. But, on the whole, the experience was no more unpleasant than a cocktail party to which one did not want to go. I felt none of the resentment of D. H. Lawrence, who wrote of the Army doctors at the time: "It infuriates me to be pawed about by the swine. If I felt it were any good, I would send them to hell."

And, naked though we were, I do not think anybody could have called us indecent. I doubt whether, if the Government had charged sixpence admission to those who wanted to see us, even a dozen of the lovers of indecency would have paid as much for so unappetising a show. We were no beauties. We were the lame ducks, the cattle with the staggers, the foot-rotted sheep, the spavined horses, in whom an optimistic Government made more than one attempt to find a vestige even of C.3 fitness. We might have succeeded as a chorus in a nudist musical comedy produced by the Grand Guignol on the theme of the Pool of Bethesda. But in the West End of London we should have emptied any theatre by the second night. Nakedness is obviously not enough.

That is where the defenders of nudity on the stage get their chief argument. They pride themselves on being the friends of art, the disciples of beauty. And, though I have not yet seen any of the naked stage-shows I have no doubt that the level of prettiness is higher there than in common life. At the same time, I wonder whether the occupants of the stalls are all disinterested lovers of art, enthusiasts for Fra Angelico and Fra Lippo Lippi. There is as much cant talked in the name of art as in the name of religion. I remember meeting a man who was producing a rather obscene minor classic at a private performance in the theatre and how he said to me: "Pretty hot stuff some of these old chaps wrote. Of course, we're giving every word of it. Can't tamper with the classics. Art is sacred." And he gave me an enormous wink which assured me that he was not as great a humbug as he sounded. I fancy that in the nudist shows—which, as I have said, I have not yet seen—the taste for hot stuff is not entirely absent from the breasts of some of the spectators.

Hot stuff, however, is extraordinarily difficult to define. The bathing-costumes women wear to-day would have seemed obscene to their grandmothers who romped among the waves in costumes that would have weighed down the knights of the Middle Ages. Even mixed bathing was denounced as obscene and in some places, when it was at last introduced, men were commanded to wear a University costume instead of the old-fashioned and now obscene bathing slip. I never could see much sense in these rules of decency. Mixed bathing came to my favourite seaside resort in the 'nineties, and I went on wearing a bathing slip without any feeling that I was outraging the proprieties. I cannot understand how anybody can become excited either pro or anti bathing slip. If the local custom insists on the University costume, why worry about it? If it allows the bathing slip why worry about it?

Yet this is the kind of thing about which extremists on both sides feel strongly. I remember reading a letter in a paper describing a swimming display in which a small boy lost his pants in the water and was not allowed to leave the swimming-bath until a new pair of pants had been provided for him, because there were women among the spectators. The writer spoke of this incident as an example of the rather foul-minded prudery that still survived among us. I thought at the time of following the letter up with another one, denouncing the foul-minded prudery of which we constantly see examples at Rugby football-matches, when one of the players has his shorts torn. He is immediately surrounded by a ring-fence of other players, and changes into new shorts unseen by the spectators, who know that the change has been made only when he throws the discarded pair of shorts over the other players' heads to the accompaniment of obscene laughter from the crowd. But is this modesty of the sportsman really a sign of foul-minded prudery? It seems to me just ordinary decency.

To say this is not to deny the existence of prudery. Certain religions, in their distrust of the body, have prudishly made clothing the savage a part of his conversion. I have had to take off my coat and lend it to a girl in order that she might cover her bare arms and so be permitted to enter a church in Venice. Even so, prudery of the kind does not shock me. It is founded on a pessimistic theory of human nature, and the more I see of human nature the more I feel that anybody who cares to be pessimistic about it has a case for being so. Even those vigilance societies and watch-committees that every now and then outrage our sense of common sense are merely extreme expressions of a pessimism that goes back beyond Moses. Many years ago, that wise and witty man, J. A. Hobson, said with a characteristic sparkle of the eyes: "If the sun ever came out in Manchester, the Watch Committee would prosecute it for indecent exposure"; and undoubtedly watch committees have often been composed of pessimists always on the lookout for the thin end of the wedge. Whether the thin end of the wedge is a good or a bad thing, however, I have never been able to make up my mind. Members of watch committees are more fortunate. They know.

On the whole, however, I am in favour of a certain measure of propriety. Art is the product of restrictions, and, if the stage has to concentrate on the difficult task of being witty instead of on the easy task of being improper, we shall have better plays and even better musical comedies. Aristotle, if I remember right, attributed the improvement of Greek comedy largely to the elimination of impropriety. He had not, it must be admitted, the same standards of propriety as the members of a watch committee. But, whatever standards we have, the rule of dependence on wit and humour is a fairly sound one. Witty obscenity is not a bad thing, but most rational human beings, I fancy, prefer wit without obscenity to obscenity without wit.

The question remains, however, whether these nude shows are obscene. How can I tell till I have seen them? Are the houses in which they are staged, I wonder, filled with aesthetes, like the members of the jury who acquitted Phryne, or with Peeping Toms? I suspect, as Sir Seymour Hicks does, mostly with Peeping Toms. A curious race, human beings. It is no wonder that the members of watch committees are pulling long faces.

Y. Y.

Miscellany

J. A. HOBSON

THE death of J. A. Hobson means first of all to his friends the loss of his wit and kindliness and keen perception. We enjoyed the sharp flavour of his comments; and we shall remember the twinkle in his eyes, as he used to make his hits at pretentious nonsense or build up fantastically a world behind the obvious. He remained, to the end of his life, the freest mind in any company. His thinking played about its subject like light. It is of the man and not of the writer that his friends will continue to keep the memory alive.

But his work survives his death in the widespread influence it has had among thousands of men and women in England and America, who hope to assist in creating a community with more sense and less nonsense in it. His sketch of an autobiography in *Confessions of an Economic Heretic*, published in 1938, gave his own interpretation of the influences which had helped him to formulate his unorthodox theory of economics and politics. But it was characteristic of Hobson that he did not know how great his own influence was. He thought he had failed to impress his contemporaries with the importance of his contribution to economic theory because he was always at cross purposes with the academic economists about the "logic" of the subject. No scientist likes to have the assumptions of his science too closely examined; and, therefore, one of Hobson's most important contributions to contemporary thinking, *Free thought in the Social Sciences*, was never adequately recognised. No University ever did itself the honour of presenting him with its degrees—academic tests of value are still medieval; and he refused other honours. But it must not be imagined that he was disappointed. He would have laughed, if anyone had suggested it.

This is not the place to give an account of his theories or to assess their value. It is more important at the moment to recognise what progressive movements in England and America owe to his influence. In the first place, he showed us the seamy side of Imperialism. He saw it at work in its crudest form in South Africa. As he wrote: "The Boer War was both a turning point in my career and an illumination to my understanding of the real relations between economics and politics." It is said that his book on Imperialism had a great influence upon Lenin; and where that will end, who can say? But, apart from serious argument one should not forget that Hobson also said: "John Bull never shakes the tree; but he is always close by when the apples are falling." Somebody later on will perhaps describe Hobson's tall, slim figure stalking across Hampstead Heath with the pre-1931 Ramsay MacDonald, an admirable companion; and how, in less notable company, Hobson spoke of a politician "who was opposed to secret diplomacy until he knew the secret."

His work for the Union of Democratic Control was the one strictly political activity which he continued to the end of his life. Both in domestic and in international affairs he maintained the principles of democratic government, during the years when some clever writers rigged their books to sail, at least for a time, before a contrary wind. He was never able wholeheartedly to accept in practical politics either Liberalism after 1914 or the mixture of intellectualist Socialism and stand-pat Trade Unionism, which he thought characteristic of the Labour Party's programme. But he was clearly convinced of the "disastrous wastes and perils of class conflict"; and he hoped for the success of a policy based upon the extension of human welfare rather than upon "planning," which would merely give control over the plain people into new hands. Perhaps his inability in early youth to digest theological orthodoxy reinforced in later years his difficulty in swallowing whole any political programme.

His frequent visits to the United States and his intimate contacts with Americans gave him an insight into the workings of what is called the "capitalist system"; he saw it as irresponsible control over production and consumption by a few men animated by the issue; and also as a struggle for the scraps by thousands of others who are in no sense capitalists. In America "the war of each against all" is more obvious than in England, where we make it more decorative by keeping the remnants of feudalism. But Hobson found in the struggle something more fundamental than a "class-war"—the conflict between two forces in almost every man. One is the appetite for money or power or pure "swank"; and the other a muddled desire to help others. His conception of democracy was based upon the attempt to make this second force operate in the industrial system. His attitude towards economic theory arose out of his desire to find a basis for practical policy and a sufficiently comprehensive purpose for it. For that reason he regretted that "pure" economics had lost contact with the old tradition of political economy. So many economists seemed to him, in their attempts to make their science "exact," to have destroyed its verisimilitude as an account of what actually happens and therefore its value as a basis for policy. All his later work was a presentation of the importance of the fact that incomes, or rather sections of purchasing-power, differed not merely in quantity but also in kind. That is to say, he believed that the problems of distribution or consumption are more important in the consideration of policy than those of production. And with this belief he combined his earlier attempt to state the purpose of policy, even in its economic aspects, in terms of human welfare. This he derived at first from Ruskin. But it was probably developed out of his own personality; for he was not a politician nor an admirer of the business man, but a student and a teacher—a student and a teacher of human beings, not a student of abstractions or a teacher of the victims of examination.

His wit illuminated his reasoning. As he walked over Hampstead Heath, he would calculate the average distance separating the couples on the grass; and work out the "marginal value" of the space required for complete isolation. On his return from one of his visits to New York, he declared that an American had said to him: "When an Englishman thinks, he thinks he is sick." But he always admired the sturdy idealists who battered their heads against brick walls, even when he felt that they might take down the walls and use their heads for other purposes—in the last resort, for thinking. In all his contributions to theory he remained always a humanist.

C. DELISLE BURNS

THREE METHODS

John Aldridge and Claude Rogers, at the Leicester Galleries.

Frances Hodgkins, at the Lefevre.

Here are three good exhibitions which happen to illustrate the three main methods by which painters set about their business. One can say, if allowed to over-simplify, that Mr. Rogers represents appearances, Mr. Aldridge represents facts, Miss Hodgkins arranges facts and appearances to construct an object. Each of these ways of approach to painting is legitimate, of course, and can be justified by the most eminent examples. The man in the street, whether it be Curzon Street or Edgware Road, takes it for granted that it is the painter's business to represent what he sees. But the representation of appearances is, in fact, the most recent of the three methods. Velasquez, Vermeer and Chardin are almost the only Old Masters to concentrate upon it, and most of the great exponents are nineteenth-century Frenchmen. This method produces magnificent pictures; it also produces mere conjuring-tricks like most paintings by Sargent and Orpen. But what in fact the man in the street likes best is not the representation of appearances—it is the representation of facts. This method of painting is very ancient, and is exemplified by many early painters such as Memling, Fouquet and Pisanello, as well as by Persian and Indian miniaturists; it was used by many of the Dutch painters; and its popularity in England is shown by Hogarth, the Pre-Raphaelites, and the landscapes of Stanley and Gilbert Spencer. The painter of fact represents individual objects as he knows them from focusing upon them, while the painter of appearances resumes upon his canvas what the eye at a given moment sees, with the details of the subject reflecting various colour and lapped in atmosphere. Compare Frith's *Paddington Station* with Claude Monet's *Gare St. Lazare*, and the contrast between facts and appearances becomes evident. The third method—using facts or appearances to make an object—is the oldest of all. I fancy that Roger Fry once denied this, on the ground that Palaeolithic painting was photographic and Neolithic painting conceptual. Men first registered appearances with their senses, he suggested; then, with the development of intellect, described what they remembered as being most impressive. But I think that the weight of evidence is against this ingenious hypothesis. The amazing naturalism of the Altamira paintings was the apex of a long tradition, which was not possessed by the invading tribes who made the symbolical or conceptual Neolithic drawings. The wresting of the facts to make an object is in any case the most widespread of pictorial methods. It is the method of the child and the savage; it is the method of Giotto, Tintoret, Poussin and Cézanne.

Any such classification as I have attempted is useful only in defining tendencies. These three methods are not mutually exclusive, and almost all good painters have been interested in facts, in appearances and in construction. One cannot easily decide, moreover, which method prevailed in some of the greatest artists, Titian, for instance, or Rubens. But I believe that most spectators have a prejudice in favour of one of these methods. This is a pity, because it may deprive them of the enjoyment to be derived from Van Eyck or Manet or El Greco. The critic is almost certain to entertain such prejudices, and ought to treat them as most unwelcome guests. None of these three methods is good or bad intrinsically, though the representation of facts or of appearances can borrow some value from the subject, and one is glad to know facts about old St. Paul's or Queen Elizabeth's face. Such an informative picture may be entirely inexpressive and aesthetically insignificant; and actually the information contained in most pictures is quite uninteresting. On the other hand, the construction, which conveys little information except about the painter's emotions and state of mind, may be just as commonplace and negligible as the Edwardian water-colour that carefully describes an herbaceous border. I have insisted upon the variety in methods of painting, because most of the nonsense talked about modern painters comes from a refusal to understand what these methods are. Ignorance of the history of painting can alone explain the belief, for instance, of some Royal Academicians that one method is immoral, and another obligatory.

When I suggest that Mr. Aldridge paints facts, I do not mean that he is an unimaginative artist. On the contrary, his landscapes express a disquieting vision—a thunderstorm seems usually on the point of exploding, and one suspects that inside the gabled house there is a corpse. His trees, moreover, writhe like boa-constrictors. But his pictures convey information about the landscape, rather than the impression it makes upon the eye. He is a self-taught painter, and his work has a certain naiveté, which shows especially in incoherent construction, but what disconcerts me is the reverse of simplicity—it is the gingering up of tones to make an emphatic effect. Often his paint is unpleasantly smooth, though he can use the material voluptuously as in *Dovecote*. His small pictures are the best. Though I find his work interesting and lively, he so conspicuously lacks the academic virtues that he may dwindle, I fear, into a Royal Academician.

Mr. Claude Rogers concentrates closely upon rendering appearances. He is a natural painter—look at the delicious *Interior*, painted, I gather, when he was still at the Slade. He knows how to say what he wants, but what he wants to say is not always very interesting. He seems in danger of mistaking frugality for refinement, so that one feels a lack of urgency or intensity in many of his pictures. He stands torn, like Garrick in Reynolds's picture, between the imposing frigidity of Mr. Coldstream and the fascinating coquetry of Mr. Pasmore. But if he has caught from his colleagues a caution that is not native to his temperament, he does allow himself a wider range of colour and he shows greater readiness to experiment. His texture is usually delicate, though he suffers from the drizzle that seems chronic in the Euston Road, his construction is sometimes brilliant, his colour-sense is sure—all that he lacks is a certain impetus or ardour. The general effect of his exhibition is remarkably happy, because he never strikes a false note. His best pictures express a sensuous delight in the visible world, in children playing under trees, flowers and ribbons, the pearly slopes of skin. There is wit too in a little picture called *The Barber's Mirror*, and uncommon dignity in the *Woman in a Black Cape*. The *Nude* is, in my opinion, the best thing in the show, but I much admire the self-portrait, and *Norman* and a little uncatalogued *Interior* in a white frame—this looks so spontaneous and is so artful. I have been accused of unfairness to the Euston Road painters, and I admit that they often exasperate me, just because their gifts are so uncommon, their concentration on painting so admirably entire. If only they could stop fiddling with their callipers, patting at their canvases and coddling their sensibility, if only to the student's patience they could add the lover's gusto, they might raise the whole level of the English School.

It is very good news that Miss Frances Hodgkins is one of the

English painters to have a room of her own at the Venice Exhibition this summer. She is a Star, and—to trespass a moment on the preserves of Mr. Clive Bell, who will discuss here next week the National Gallery Exhibition—I cannot imagine why she is not more fully represented in "British Painting since Whistler." She is the only painter of her generation, I think, who has learnt much from the post-Impressionists. For many years she was an Impressionist, concerning herself with appearances. Then she became absorbed in construction, and her work improved astonishingly, not because the new method was intrinsically superior, but because it was better suited to her native lyricism. In her new exhibition of gouaches at the Lefevre Miss Hodgkins is more impressive than ever. I believe her to be the most inventive colourist in England, and, with two or three exceptions, in Europe. Her pictures appeal only to those who like painting for painting's sake. A group of pencil-drawings shows the elegance with which she can render appearances, but in her gouaches she sometimes translates with such license that one cannot guess from what subject the object has resulted. One of the finest is *Fishing Nets*, another is *The Elevator*, another, marvellously delicate, is *Mimosa*, but all are beautiful. Miss Hodgkins is so personal and original a painter that I can think of nobody with whom to compare her. Dufy—to take an artist who throws on his water-colour with the same appearance of abandon—seems to me unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath. Beside her, even excellent painters look blundering or commonplace. Her scope is not wide, but within it she shows a certainty that I find awe-inspiring, something that reminds me of specifically greater and quite different works, like Cézanne's water-colours or Rembrandt etchings. Though I have never had the honour of meeting Miss Hodgkins, I become increasingly convinced that she is a woman of genius comparable to Christina Rossetti. And I have never felt so deeply the difficulty of writing about painting as now, when I can discover no verbal expression of the happiness I derive from these visionary constructions.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE MOVIES

La Tragédie Impériale, at the Embassy, Tottenham Court Road

Hitler—Beast of Berlin, at the London Pavilion

Les Mutinés de L'Elseneur, at Studio One

Rasputin is by no means a newcomer to the screen: Conrad Veidt played the part in a German film, and the family Barrymore, with Lionel as Rasputin, performed in an American version which gave rise to a *cause célèbre*. *La Tragédie Impériale* has learned from its predecessors first not to mention the Yousopoffs and secondly that Rasputin was probably a man of more intelligence than he had so far been given credit for. Unfortunately the film never really makes up its mind about any of the characters—was Rasputin a miracle worker or an imposter?—was the Tsar a fool or not?—the Tsarina a helpless catspaw of Rasputin?—these questions are left unanswered. Within the limits of this undefined characterisation the film is beautifully performed; Jean Worms and Marcelle Chantal as the Tsar and Tsarina really make one believe in the scenes at Tsarskoie Selo, and the entire cast aided by the apparent authenticity of the backgrounds are remarkably convincing. Harry Baur's performance as Rasputin is harder to assess; he is such a polished and powerful actor that one is inclined to accept his work at its very high face value. It seems however that for once he has been defeated and has been able to put little into such a loosely drawn part but his own personality. The macabre murder scene, with which the film ends, is brilliantly acted and directed and gives M. Baur an opportunity which he seizes with both hands. The camera has been discreetly and cleverly used in creating atmosphere and is particularly successful inside the Byzantine churches and the squalid peasant's hut where some of the action of the film takes place.

We are only given a momentary glimpse of Hitler in *Hitler—Beast of Berlin*. The title suggests biography, but instead this American film is a potted and emasculated imitation of the brilliant *Professor Mamlock*. The horrors and brutalities of the Nazi regime displayed in this picture are common knowledge, and it is bewildering that fact could have been so successfully disguised as fiction. The characterisation is elementary (Storm Troopers are presented in the familiar guise of the last war's monocled Prussian officers), and the acting is flat and unconvincing. The propaganda value of this picture must be impaired both by its crudity and by its estimation of the Nazi regime merely as a bestially cruel and sottishly stupid excrescence on the life of Germany.

Les Mutinés de L'Elseneur obviously started off to be a *Mutiny on the Bounty* in modern dress, changed its mind half way through, and scrambled to a conclusion as rapidly as possible. The crew of a sailing vessel, chosen apparently for its villainous looks, mutinies on the high seas. The captain is murdered, but debonair Jack Pathurst, the English novelist, quells the mutineers and kisses the Captain's niece in the rigging. The least possible photographic use is made of the beautiful sailing ship on which the action takes place.

ANTHONY BOWER

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, April 6th—
British Youth Peace Assembly Dance, 18 Charing X Road, 7.30.
SUNDAY, April 7th—
C. E. M. Joad: "What Survives Bodily Death?" Conway Hall, 11.
Beecham Sunday Concert, Queen's Hall, 2.45
Meeting for Peace and Social Justice, King's Theatre, Hammersmith, 3.
MONDAY, April 8th—
"Without the Prince," Whitehall.
TUESDAY, April 9th—
Howard League for Penal Reform Luncheon. Speaker, Mr. David Wills on "The Children's Exodus—The Delinquents Abroad," Comedy Restaurant, 12.45. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.*
Engineers Study Group on Economics, Fork Luncheon, Speaker: R. H. S. Crossman, 26 Grosvenor Place, 1. Tickets 1*s.* 6*d.*
China Campaign Ctte. Luncheon, Jack Chen: "Modern Art in Wartime China." Young's Chinese Rest., 180 Wardour St., 1. Tickets 2*s.* 6*d.*, from 34 Victoria St., S.W.1.
F. E. Pollard: "America and Peace," Friends House, 1.20.
Dr. Karl Mannheim: "Human Nature and the Social Order," I.S.T.D., 8 Portman Street, 6.30.
"The Country Wife," Little.
"Love All," Torch.
WEDNESDAY, April 10th—
Federal Union Lunch Club, Speaker: Kingsley Martin; "The Falstaff," Fleet St., 1.
Michael Zvegintzov: "German Ambitions in Eastern Europe," National Portrait Gallery, 5.30.
Course of Lectures on the English Countryside by Dr. R. O. Jones, Mary Ward Settlement, 8.
D. D. Dimanescu: "World Affairs, Rumania," Dick Sheppard Centre, 8.
"Ladies Into Action," Lyric.
"The Jersey Lily," Gate.
"The Cave of Harmony," Arts.
THURSDAY, April 11th—
Concert in aid of Toc H War Services Fund, Queen's Hall, 7.45.
Wal Hannington: "Ten Lean Years," 2 Keats Grove, 7.45.
C. E. M. Joad: "When Peace Comes—the Case for Federal Union," The Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb, 8.
"Abraham Lincoln," Westminster.
"New Faces," Comedy.
FRIDAY, April 12th—
"Tobias and the Angel," St. Pancras People's Theatre, Charrington Street, N.W.1. And on April 13th, 19th and 20th.

Correspondence

THE KEYNES PLAN

SIR,—I welcome Mr. Barrow's letter frankly supporting inflation. There is much sentiment of this kind underground too shy to lift its head for execution. For it suits the active capitalists who are owed money by the unhappy rentiers. And there is a flavour of naughtiness about it which some members of the Left find irresistible; there must be something good, they feel, in a proposal so repugnant to all respectable citizens. But before we offer this *bonne bouche* to the rich and the naughty, the following points deserve to be considered.

(1) The reduction in the burden of the national debt is a subsequent result of reducing the value of money and makes no significant contribution to the current financing of the war. Moreover the justice and expediency of doing this at the sole expense of the holders of government stock and other money obligations and of all small savers to the advantage of the active capitalist is not obvious. It is a last resort rather than a first one, of which the chief recommendation is its facility.

(2) During the war inflation is serviceable only in so far as there is a time-lag between wages and prices. That is how it worked

in the last war with prices always about 15 per cent. ahead of wage-rates, and this figure is about the magnitude of what we should require this time. Inflation pays for the war only if it operates as the equivalent of a flat percentage tax on wages. It is, perhaps, a comfort that it is always there (subject to what follows) to fall back on, if, rejecting juster and wiser alternatives, we let our finances drift. The active capitalist, it will be noticed, wins all along the line, at the expense of wage-earners during the transition and at the expense of bond-holders afterwards; though he will presumably have to surrender the major part of his initial gains to the tax-gatherer.

(3) But even in this ointment there is a big fly. In modern conditions will the time-lag be long enough to do the trick? In the last war it was of the order of six months to a year which is long enough to allow us to collect the gains without a galloping inflation (see my "How to Pay for the War," p. 71, for the details). But can we reckon on this to-day? I doubt it. Everyone, including the Trade Unions, has become index-number conscious. Wages will pursue prices with not so lame a foot. And this new fact means that the old-type laissez-faire inflation is no longer to be relied upon.

(4) The only practicable version to-day is to fix wages by decree as in Russia and Germany and also in France; and then allow prices to rise to the appropriate extent which I estimate at not above 15 per cent. in present circumstances. A very gentlemanly programme, take it all in all. Yet perhaps it is my alternative proposal, in spite of its apparent respectability, which deserves the confidence of the wage-earner. J. M. KEYNES

SIR,—Mr. Ian Bowen attacks the intelligentsia for swallowing the Keynes plan: unjustifiably, I think.

The problem is two-fold: personal and social. Generally speaking, the individual with a salary of between £250 and £500 a year does not save much, except perhaps through insurance or pension contributions. He would, however, be willing to save if he knew (i) that everyone else in his income group were doing so to the same extent; (ii) if he felt that it was part of a scheme which went some way to remedying social injustice. If the saving campaign remained on a voluntary basis he would not be prepared to save for this excellent reason: there is something bad as well as good in the idea of feathering one's future; especially is this the case when the decision is left to the individual. (Thrift may be admirable, but miserliness is not.) Much of the viciousness of saving would be dissipated if it were done on a general proportional scale, regarded like the State unemployment insurance scheme, rather than like a personal benefit policy.

To return to Mr. Bowen. It is surely true that the average intellectual would be willing to support the more radical plan of making the rich pay for the war, if he could believe that there were any chance of it being put into practice within the next year. But he sees the danger that months and years might well pass while he urges the adoption of the radical plan, without any progress being made, whereas the less radical, and therefore, under the present system, more possible plan of Mr. Keynes, would at least prevent the repetition of the injustice experienced after the last war, when we saw those few who had made money, and lent it voluntarily to the Government, being rewarded handsomely later. At the same time, he sees in the Keynes plan a form of economic rake, which might well smooth the path for future reformers. HARRY A. REE

32 Southend Road,
Beckenham, Kent.

WHAT IS MARXISM

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin is no doubt quite at liberty to label me a Social Democrat, just as many people, including the American Government, have labelled me Communist. For my own part I have not, for nearly ten years now, given myself a political label, but have merely expressed certain economic and political views which I held, and continue to hold.

For the past five years the policy of the Communist Party has been to secure the election of what Mr. Martin calls "a Left Government." For it was considered that such a Government was an indispensable weapon worth while to urge the next stage of the struggle for Socialism. I still take the view that the mobilisation of the broadest popular forces for the creation of such a government is indispensable. (And my book is a study of the economic possibilities which would be open to such a government.) If to take this view is to be a Social Democrat, then I am one. But in that case the whole Central Committee of the Communist Party, between 1935 and 1939, were Social Democrats also.

For my part I do not think that they were, or I am. No Marxist has ever denied the absolute necessity of the struggle for specific, partial, economic reforms on the way to Socialism. Lenin stated this with characteristic vigour.

> The Socialist revolution is by no means a single battle: on the contrary, it is an epoch of a whole series of battles around all problems of economic and democratic reforms, which can be completed only by the expropriation of the bourgeoisie. (Collected works, Vol. V, p. 368).

Mr. Kingsley Martin implies that anyone who accepts this statement of Lenin's, and proposes battle-plans for the next engagement, is a Social Democrat. On this definition Lenin was certainly a Social Democrat. But in ordinary speech the term Social Democrat has come to mean someone who forgets that our epoch is one of a whole series of battles, or that the war can be won by the expropriation of the bourgeoisie alone. A Social Democrat has come to mean, that is to say, someone who supposes that the aims of the capitalists and the workers are ultimately reconcilable, and that, therefore, permanent collaboration between the two classes is possible. I know no more opposite conception to this than the conception of a united people's struggle to take the first, decisive step to break the power of monopoly-finance-capital.

May I correct what is, no doubt, a misprint in Mr. Martin's review? He quotes me as having written that one of the measures which a people's government might take is to "lower the rate of interest to all intending borrowers, thus making investment and enterprise more attractive to all private borrowers at a given expectation of profit, and more possible to all private borrowers." The last phrase in my book is, of course, "more possible to all public borrowers" (p. 151). JOHN STRACHEY

THE RIVAL CIVILISATIONS

SIR,—According to Mr. James Southworth, the war between Western and Eastern civilisation has been going on for two thousand years. The political principles of Western civilisation, he says, are liberalism, democracy and national self-determination; of Eastern, despotic government and imperialism. May I ask him, as a student of history, what part liberalism, democracy and national self-determination played in the policies of the following champions of Western civilisation: Augustus, Charlemagne, St. Louis, Louis Quatorze, Napoleon, Warren Hastings, Wellington, Cecil Rhodes, Marshal Foch, Mussolini, and General Franco? In short, is not his theory, like all theories based on allegedly eternal "principles," so much metaphysical hot air?

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

MODERN ARCHITECTURE

SIR,—Although I disapprove of authors being encouraged to answer their critics in print, I do feel that, when the statements and opinions expressed in a book are so misrepresented by a reviewer as to give the impression that the author's views are exactly the reverse of what they are, he has a right to protest.

After reading the article in this week's issue by Robert Byron about my "Pelican" book, *Modern Architecture*, I am tempted to conclude that Mr. Byron wrote it without first reading the book, for his article is full of those curious assumptions about modern architecture which one knows to have been current in the past, even among people who ought to be better informed, and which I considered it the task of my book, among other things, to refute. It is rather ironical therefore—though I suppose it is also a reflection on my efficiency as a writer—to find Mr. Byron, under the guise of a critic of my efforts, trotting out again those well-worn jibes that have so long been the stock-in-trade of people with their own preconceived ideas of what modern architects believe in: "The architect of to-day must build flats for mothers of six, with the sink in proximity to the plate-rack. This is the philosophy of modern architecture. . . . He (the modern architect) comes in fact to believe that by thinking in terms of usefulness, he can produce a good design"—and so on.

I assure Mr. Byron that this really is not so. Let me quote from the very first page of my book: "It is a mistake to suppose that because modern architects are particularly concerned to relate buildings more closely to the needs they have to serve, they are only interested in the practical side of architecture. They know that they are practising an art, and are therefore concerned with the pursuit of beauty. They feel however that it is time we made clear the difference between beauty itself and the merely conventional forms that habit has made us associate with it." And with reference to Mr. Byron's accusation that I choose to judge architecture "by intentions instead of results," let me quote from page 12 of my book: "It is not suggested, however, that good intention should be admitted as an excuse for bad performance, or that knowing how it got like that will make a bad building better. Architecture, besides being a social art, is a visual art, and aesthetic judgment must be independent of intellectual knowledge."

And again, with reference to the same point and to his pronouncement (one so self-evident that no architect worthy of the name would think it necessary to make it) that, "It is not enough to get sun on the balcony or put the sink near the plate-rack. People ask more than that. They ask of the places where they live, work or play, a personality in which they can share, one which will give them friendship . . ." etc., etc., let me quote from page 90 of my book: "Rather than make an effort to admire a strange thing called 'modern architecture' because it is theoretically on the right lines, one would rather that people simply asked themselves exactly what they wanted from architecture . . . buildings that are well planned because the real needs of the inhabitants have been studied; buildings, moreover, that make full use of what modern science can provide, and, finally, use it with art and imagination so that the buildings are themselves a pleasure and an inspiration."

I do not object to Mr. Byron taking the words out of my mouth; only to his casting me—and modern architects—in the role of a villain that only exists in his imagination. Before he takes on the job of referee he should make sure of knowing—with or without the help of the book he is writing about—which players belong to which side. J. M. RICHARDS

122 Adelaide Road, N.W.3.

[Mr. Byron writes: "Having read with great care and even taken notes on Mr. Richards's book, I came to the conclusion that the passages he quotes were in opposition to and outweighed by his general thesis, that he was wrestling with two sincere but contradictory principles. On points, I judged the utilitarian principle to have won. But it was a near thing and I daresay another referee would have given a different verdict."—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

POLICY IN INDIA

SIR,—At a time when the goodwill of India is all important to this country, and when agitation for the release of the last batch of political prisoners has only just ceased, we appear to be embarking on a policy of "quiet, preventive arrest." The first victims are some leaders of the Student Federation. In protest against the arrest the students of one of the largest colleges of Calcutta have walked out and the college has closed till further notice. It is still illegal to fly the national homespun flag, although some students in most colleges succeed in raising it on Independence Day, regarding the ceremony with solemnity and concluding with the singing of a hymn. There is no disorder when the students are left to themselves. By forcing the issue on such points the authorities could scarcely find a surer way of fanning the flames in the hearts of youth. E. M. SANDYS

"N.S. & N." IN FRANCE

SIR,—Regularly every Monday I send my read NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to a friend at the front in France. The following is from a letter I had from him last week:

> I wish you could realise the joy I experience in getting your weekly *N.S.* My appreciation is as great as my thanks. Life out here is almost wholly on the physical plane that there is little opportunity for intellectual exercise. Your *N.S.* is passed on to a comrade, thence to others, who appear to welcome it as greatly as I do.

It occurs to me to suggest that many readers might use their read copies in the same way. I should be happy to act as intermediary between would-be senders and receivers if these care to send their addresses. J. ARTHUR LEONARD

Wayside, Conway.

SIR,—Will you permit a scientist turned soldier to address you from the front (modern version).

I am sure it will interest you to know that though I introduced THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION with some trepidation into our mess (entirely composed of "regulars" except for myself) it is now perused by everyone and by none so thoroughly as the Brigadier himself.

Perhaps I have been particularly fortunate in my fellow officers because I can certainly say that I find myself among a group of very liberal minded men, who have done nothing to make a mere supplementary reservist—with no previous military experience whatever—feel an outsider. CAPTAIN, B.E.F.

NAZI-SOVIET PERSECUTION

SIR,—In reply to my letter on Nazi-Soviet persecution, Mr. Dobb clearly shows that in his study of the Soviet police torture of prisoners he has not gone so far as even to read the books he refers to. It is obvious that he never read Chapters XXVII, XXVIII, and XXX ("Torture in the Lice Cell," "The Conveyor," and "The Death Cell") of my book; nor could he have read my article on "Life in a Soviet Prison" (*Slavonic Review*, 1933). There can be hardly any doubt he has not read Kiselev's book, *The Camps of Death*—a G.P.U. man's description of his first-hand experiences in Solovezki concentration camp up to May, 1930; nor George Kutchin's book on the same camp, also first-hand evidence. Such a way of studying a subject is astonishing in a University don.

80a Overstrand Mansions, V. TCHERNAVIN
S.W.11.

THE I.L.P.

SIR,—In your Editorial of March 30th, under the heading of Easter Conferences, you referred to the I.L.P. in which "vigour and personality make up for decreasing numbers."

As a large number of our members are readers of your excellent journal, I am sure you will allow me to point out that our numbers are not decreasing. On the contrary, during the last year we have registered a considerable increase in our branches and membership in all parts of the country, particularly the industrial areas. The vigour and personality to which you refer are the visible symptoms of this increased membership.

35 St. Bride Street, JOHN MCNAIR,
E.C.4. General Secretary, I.L.P.

PROPAGANDA IN THIS WAR

SIR,—In your March 16th issue you print a letter signed M. M. Checksfield, of Heathfield, Sussex.

I live in the county of Sussex also.

M. M. Checksfield says that "lack of enthusiasm for the war is the subject on everybody's lips." M. M. C. speaks of "the consciousness of an undeserved doom which is felt—and often openly expressed in public places—by our conscript youth."

I'm giving myself the trouble of writing to you on M. M. Checksfield's assertions because I find it impossible to believe that this lady/gentleman has any justification whatever for making such assertions so disloyal and derogatory to the decent folk of this county. Neither I, nor my family, nor any of my friends and acquaintances in Sussex, have ever heard anything of the sort.

And—quite frankly—I don't believe that M. M. Checksfield has heard anything of the sort on everybody's lips either.

11 Brunswick Square, J. F. J. FITZPATRICK
Hove.

"ON A WEEPING WILLOW TREE"

SIR,—I feel constrained to beg you to rectify a misquotation that renders vapid a loved line of Robert Bridges in a letter from Mr. Stephen Tallents in your last issue.

The lines should run:

The woodland willow stands a lonely bush
Of nebulous gold;

Mermaid Cottage, Old Bosham. NORAH LEGGE

ANY OLD IRON?

SIR,—Now that the national emergency calls for large stocks of old iron, it would surely be an excellent idea to demolish the many thousands of yards of needless and ugly railings which still surround so many of our parks, squares and gardens, both in London and in the provinces. These were erected in the olden days, when the population was less educated, public spirit was at a lower level, and police protection was less efficient. Mr. Lansbury abundantly proved during his term of office that people could be trusted not to do damage, or even more emphatically that they were likely to do less damage if trusted. Then away with the railings. Put them to a practical use.

Red Tiles, Green Lane, WILLIAM PLATT
Stanmore.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

BOOM, slump, revival—such is the course of literary reputation, and the work of Rudyard Kipling has for so long been in the second of these phases that it is a shock to discover, after long neglect, what a considerable craftsman he was. Not artist: one boggles, intimidated, at that word. Kipling seems to belong to that demi-monde of the journalist-novelist, a world which contains figures as diverse as Dickens, Mark Twain and Wells. No one who has grown up since the World War can easily receive the Kipling infection, for he is a writer of nostalgia, and nothing travels worse than nostalgia from one generation to the next. Like Wells, he portrays the coming world where authoritarianism has put its work into the hands of schoolboys who imperil civilisation with their bombers and sneak about under the sea in their U-boats. Kipling imagined a world of disciplined technicians giving and obeying orders—but disciplined to what end, ordering what? One can detect the emotional sproutings of Fascism in D. H. Lawrence; its machine mysticism is in Kipling as surely as its gangster element is in his heirs, the soggy-hearted American tough reporters. Kipling's decline has come as his message has materialised; and his revival is not likely to occur until his message has subsided to the proper place which the messages of novelists must take in their literary anatomy—as a motive power and not the performance.

Such a view would not be approved by Mr. Edward Shanks*, who is useful and acute as a eulogist of the Kipling of the boom, the topical Kipling of the infection period. Briefly, Mr. Shanks's theme is that Kipling's political beliefs were important and that they expanded and deepened far beyond the narrow and shallow Imperialism of their beginnings into a genuine and arguable historical sense. He improved. He learned the resignation of the Die-Hard, made a proper ascent into the world of historical values, where political events outpaced him. Thus his zest for colonial wars and punitive expeditions within the Empire changed when the Empires slaughtered one another; his political belief in the Pax Britannica became more and more a mystical belief in "the Law." And after that, in his later years, he asked (to transpose a word of Tolstoy's in his conversations with Gorki) What is "the Law" if a man dies? There was, says Mr. Shanks, an evident desire for a Church in the later Kipling, though not for the Christian Church. Indeed not! Ancient Mithraism, with its initiations, its private ceremonies, secret signs and Masonic atmosphere, attracted him. Mr. Shanks says that Kipling hated Nazism and had the swastika (which used to appear on some editions of his books) removed when Hitler came to power. We were the forces of light and of "the Law"; the Hun was at the gate of Rome ready to destroy what in one of his superb epitomes he called "the ages' slow-bought gain." Yet what is this ancient Mithraism, what are the congenital Kipling rhetoric and magic, but the Fascist ideology? So the colonels of Hampshire go down in a sunset of Buchmanism and the prophecies of the pyramids. Kipling's literary development is the history of his class. Mr. Shanks does not admit this affinity.

Whether it is true or not that Kipling's spirit was enlarged with the years, his sharp journalistic sense certainly moved with the times. The soldiers of the *Drums of the Fore and Aft* (a tale included in *More Selected Stories* which draws the usual misty patriotic fear) are a half-educated crew who compare badly with the old sweats Kipling preferred at the time; but in the later stories he has caught up with the modern technically trained man. *In the Ship that Found Itself* he has constructed a new animism for engineers; the parts of the ship talk. This is a shrewd guess at the primitive spiritual tendencies of the technician. The guess appeals to Kipling's great quality, the feeling for ingenuity; for, paradoxically, the exalter of hierarchy and "the Law," delights in showing how hierarchy can be diddled and "the Law" broken. The symbolism, on which Kipling lavished such craft in his stories, is less a token of moral conviction than of moral guesswork and cunning. The short story—as Mr. Shanks rightly says—encourages such tricks; and one does not believe that Puck's magic, St. Peter's railway terminus for those who have rashly vowed to meet in Eternity, the Wish-House and the ghostly acquisitions in *They*, are the searchlights of spiritual penetration. They are perhaps flashes; they are certainly convenient dramatic question marks.

The writer of fairy tales has invariably his darker side and Kipling exploited his fully. He sprang from the only self-disciplined class in English life, the upper middle class who begin early by tearing a child up from his roots in the family and sending him away to school. Among the Anglo-Indians the process is more violent and one may trace Kipling's morbid preoccupation with fear, punishment and revenge and indeed his whole emotional arrest—so evident in his incapacity to create a round character and his child-like instinct for fantasies and guile, his vulgarity—to the isolation and, it is said, the beatings he experienced at the house where he was sent to lodge as a young boy. In emotional crises he winces. In his heroic passages he twists and turns as if he almost despised heroism. But the scepticism of Kipling is not profound; he cocks snooks at the Throne of Grace with the bad manners of the nearly neurotic. This is a valuable quality in a reporter; it looks like alertness, impartiality, and disenchantment.

The opinion of Mr. Shanks is that Kipling's unconscious ideal was Anarchy, "the Marxian withering away of the State." What writer has not this ideal? But, Kipling and Marx! The suggestion is delicious. I wish Mr. Shanks had pursued it. A writer who covers his tracks with Kipling's animal skill, naturally gives misleading scents of this kind. What kind of State withering away? Well, Kipling certainly blasted the democratic state and he did not believe, with political anarchism, that man was fundamentally good; though it is true that there is an Age of Innocence in the *Jungle Books*. Did he, like the schoolboys and the Fascists, simply believe in the jungle itself, in fear, obedience and the great wise Führer elephant, with no questions asked about how the elephant got the job? It is noteworthy that Kipling and Wells, writers of enormous influence and with the journalistic gift of short term prophecy, should have both, in their differing ways, felt the same emotions about the modern world, i.e. felt the need for order and the instinct for anarchy, the cry and counter-cry of our times. They are, when you reflect upon it, the cries of rioters. And how Kipling could report a riot!

When one looks for survival value, one feels it is likely to be not in Kipling's nostalgias, but in his reporting; not in his symbolism but in his materialism. He is the first to put the paraphernalia of modern life on the stage; here a forerunner of the social realists. His exaggerations, like those of Dickens, are escapes from fact, bright fevers which sometimes pass into the intricate deliriums of fairy tale, which yet make fact more vivid. Another bull point is his great skill with the picaresque. As society breaks up the picaresque revives; it emerges from the gentilities of the walking tour into a world of lone efforts, knavery, hunger, nerve and pain. Kipling did not understand pain as the mad Russians did or as the profoundly religious do, but he did not wish it away as his liberal critics did in 1910. Kipling, sadistic and masochistic, knew the raw nerve. This awareness gave him a range over the vivid and dusty follies of masculinity which his immediate successors in the English novel, with their hedonism and their feminine preoccupation with sex, completely lost. The reporter survives the preacher; the trickster, the prophet of "the Law."

V. S. PRITCHETT

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* RUDYARD KIPLING: A STUDY IN LITERATURE AND POLITICAL IDEAS. By EDWARD SHANKS. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
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THE FAITH OF BRITISH SOCIALISM

Hitler's War. By HUGH DALTON, M.P. *Penguin Special.* *6d.*

My Finnish Diary. By SIR WALTER CITRINE. *Penguin Special.* *6d.*

The Totalitarian Enemy. By F. BORKENAU. *Faber and Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ever since 1931 the Communists and their fellow travellers have had a virtual monopoly of Left-wing public opinion. Political consciousness has been almost synonymous with the acceptance of the U.S.S.R. as the leader of world socialism and of "Transport House" as the home of reaction; and this has led to a disastrous division between the intelligentsia and the Labour electorate. At party conferences, the vigour, ability and enthusiasm have been shown by the Marxist minority: the experience, shrewdness and control of the machine by a Right-wing leadership whose philosophy seemed limited to a detestation of Communists and a suspicion both of theory and of thought.

At long last, partly under the pressure of war, partly owing to the Nazi-Soviet alliance, orthodox Labour is being constrained to think out its own positive philosophy and to argue not with the card-vote but with its head. Mr. Durbin's *The Politics of Democratic Socialism* was an excellent start, and the three books on my list all make their contribution. *Hitler's War* is the work of a hard-hitting and experienced Parliamentarian. In his sketch of history from 1918 to 1940 and analysis of Labour's Peace Aims, Dr. Dalton is not content to show in retrospect the inevitability of capitalist war, because he knows by experience that politics are not inevitable. He does not contrast the perfection of Labour policy with the wickedness of capitalist policy because he knows by experience that the statesman's choice is not between good and evil but between policies which all have a mixture of good and evil in turn. Knowing not only the theory of politics but politics itself, he does not ask himself, in considering Abyssinia or Spain or the diplomacy of last summer, the easy abstract question: "What *should* have been done?" but "If we had been in power, what *could* we have done?" The politician, unlike the Marxan theorist, works within those narrow limits of practical possibility which rule out all simple choices between good and evil. The recognition of these limits is the first necessity of a will to power, the characteristic which divides the arm-chair revolutionary from the practical politician. It is the practical politician in Hugh Dalton who sees that the substitution of Locarno for the Geneva protocol was the great betrayal of the League, and argues that an Italian mandate over Abyssinia might have averted catastrophe even as late as Stresa. And just because he is not an ideologue or a Russophile, his sober exposure of Appeasement and of the failure of our negotiations with Russia carries special weight. Here, you feel, is a man who can not only criticise Lord Halifax but might have done better in his place. The Communist can condemn him as wholly contained within the British parliamentary system—he is in no sense a revolutionary—but if a Socialist parliamentary party is to be useful it must be manned by parliamentarians.

"THERE IS NOTHING BETTER IN RECENT AUTOBIOGRAPHY THAN MR. POLLITT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS EARLY LIFE AT DROYLSDEN, HIS HALF-TIME IN THE WEAVING SHED, AND HIS BOILER-SHOP APPRENTICESHIP, AND NOTHING MORE MOVING THAN HIS TRIBUTE TO THAT FINE OLD LADY HIS MOTHER."

Manchester Guardian

Harry Pollitt's

SERVING MY TIME

Cro. 8vo. 292 pp. **5/-** *net*

LAWRENCE & WISHART Ltd.
2 Parton Street, London, W.C.1

My Finnish Diary has the same strength and limitations. Sir Walter Citrine is as strictly confined within the limits of Trade Unionism as Hugh Dalton within those of Parliament. Measuring Finland with the same yardstick which he employed in Russia, he sees everything he is shown and a good deal more. When he examines a workman's flat, nothing escapes his eye, least of all the electrical wiring. Whether he talks to employers or employees, he is always the cool, self-confident representative of the land of collective bargaining. His diary is entirely candid—a masterpiece of meticulous observation—and his Finnish sympathies do not for one moment blind him to the backwardness of Finnish trade-union organisation. Indeed my only fear is that the self-confident candour of his criticism may have irritated a people fighting for its life.

Neither Hugh Dalton nor Sir Walter discuss the premises of their political faith. They accept the gradualism of British institutions without question, hating extremes by instinct. Dr. Borkenau has attempted in *The Totalitarian Enemy* to remedy this defect. Though it might be impolitic for Labour leaders to say so publicly, I fancy that here for the first time their philosophy is expressed, with all the hard brilliance which we have come to associate with the critics of Transport House. What remains instinctive in the Englishman becomes explicit in the Austrian ex-communist. What they distrust in practice, he exposes as theoretical clap-trap, what they pursue as *ad hoc* policy, he expands into a philosophy of British counter-revolution.

Dr. Borkenau's thesis is that the Collectivist State, which Marx foresaw as the logical end of capitalism, is being realised in Nazi Germany. In Russia, contrary to Marxian precedent, the Totalitarian State was realised in a backward country: in Germany it is being achieved in the conditions of high capitalist development. In neither country has State-Collectivism been either caused by, or made the instrument of, a proletarian revolution. On the contrary, in Russia déclassé intellectuals, in Germany déclassé middle-class adventurers have created a new ruling-class at war with all other classes, and proclaiming the horrible Messianic conviction of their predestined right to rule not only their own peoples but the world. The Communists and the Nazis have superseded the old economic imperialism of Western capitalism with a new imperialism of total ideas. Fighting for spurious principles of race or class, they extend the domination of their ruling cliques and destroy the opposition of all nations or classes to their will. In this they differ from the imperialists of Japan or Italy who retain nineteenth century objectives and from the capitalists of Britain, France and America, who have ceased altogether to be expansionist. Moreover Dr. Borkenau argues that Communists and Nazis must fight each other, since both claim to be supermen; and that of the two the Nazis, being more efficient, more revolutionary and better situated geographically, are by far the greater danger, and our enemy in this war.

The Totalitarian Enemy will profoundly shock the faithful of all parties. Dr. Borkenau is a master of the cold paradox, who always prefers the controversial to the conciliatory, even when the latter is nearer the truth. But he has come closer than many Englishmen to the philosophy of British Labour. He argues that Communism—or Nazism, for this purpose they mean the same—has come to stay in economic affairs. We must face an epoch of centralised state planning and the only question is whether this shall be extended to the international sphere by conquest or by co-operation. Germany and Russia, owing to their totalitarian political systems, must choose the path of conquest, both internally

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and externally; and it is against this that Britain now fights. The war, Dr. Borkenau argues, will force us into economic collectivism, despite our rulers. For that we can be grateful. But our objective in the war must be resistance to every political messiah who tries to use the new planned economy for the destruction of liberty and the enslavement of the spirit. That is the counter-revolution which he believes to be the task of Britain. The Socialist antithesis to capitalism must be overcome by a Liberal synthesis.

It will be seen that Dr. Borkenau, though he attacks Communism, is in the tradition of Karl Marx. He has boldly attempted a dialectical analysis with the categories not of 1848 but of 1940; and this analysis brings him to a position not unlike that of Dr. Dalton and Sir Walter Citrine. But there is this difference: whereas they reach it by instinct, he reaches it by reflection. If Labour is to capture the enthusiasm of youth, it should consider Dr. Borkenau's reflections very seriously indeed. We need not only experienced parliamentarians but an explicit political faith.

It is worth noting in conclusion the comparative prices of these three books; two cost sixpence and one half a guinea, though it is short and poorly bound.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

CAVIARE

Personal Record. By JULIAN GREEN. Trans. Jocelyn Godefroi. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book, which consists of extracts from the novelist's diary between the years 1928 and 1939, is emphatically for the few. There is no more here for the general public than there is in the Journal of André Gide, into which—the two men being friends—many passages of M. Green's diary most interestingly dovetail. Here then is a book for that battered and diminishing band, the Sensitive, the believers in the Cultured Life, the amateurs of unfrequented aspects of beauty—of deserted and ruinous gardens; of lezarded provincial houses behind walls; of exactly remembered childhoods. To M. Green his own life would seem to have the quality of a legend; his diary is the reflection of that increasingly rare thing, a free intelligence, and its appeal to its kind is poignant and various.

Take the following entry:

> My belief is that all our desires, all the indiscreet utterances of which we are guilty every day, result in the creation of something, or rather of somebody, and that we thereby give life to an invisible person who never leaves us, and who draws his life from our own. I believe, too, that at that vague moment at which we hover between sleep and awakening, at that moment we may see this strange person.

This may well ring a bell in the mind of an admirer of *Le Visionnaire* and of *Minuit;* to the feet-on-the-ground person it will seem merely mumbo. Not in France, perhaps, where everyone has his feet on the ground, and imaginative flights are all the more respected. A French writer who publishes his intimate diary is not considered to have committed a nuisance. But I wonder what would be the reactions of the Sunday Press if an English writer were to publish a book like *Personal Record* or indeed any journal less blamelessly superficial than that of an Arnold Bennett.

M. Green hates politics, because he sees in them a threat to the things he values. This attitude is frowned upon to-day, and with some justice; yet it is in fact consonant with great awareness of what is going on around one. M. Green may live in a dream, but it is the general nightmare which includes the rise of Hitler and the decay of French politics in the pre-war decade. The real difference between this writer and many of his contemporaries is that he does not feel called upon to *act.* "Watch the swaying of a branch against the sky. *That* is truth," he says, the corollary being that Hitler is not. But his attitude is not a merely quietistic one.

> When the great illusion of earthly life has passed away, we shall realise that work and love were the only realities and that in a certain way they were undistinguishable. Everything else is what in the Middle Ages would have been called a spell.

We do not hear much about love in these pages, but there is plenty about work. Those who have been in the habit of considering M. Green a dilettante writer will have to revise their opinion. It is obvious that he works about half as hard as Flaubert did—and that is saying a great deal. As for the facility with which he has been reproached, he calls it here "the facility of a stone-breaker." Moreover, this book should banish once and for all the illusion that this writer is, or ever was, a "realistic" novelist.

Yet such is not the only value of this most curious document. M. Green is clearly one of those people who have the power—it is a kind of genius—to make strange things happen all along their path. This diary is full of such happenings, as well as of extraordinary and violent impressions that recall the world of Poe, of De Quincey, of Gérard de Nerval. The forces of magic play freely round the famous writers, the concierges, the *petits employés* and the *grande bourgeoisie* who people this journal. He etches the every-dayness out of life.

> When I am lying at full length on my sofa, with a book in my hand, and am beginning to doze, the sounds which reach me from the bottom of the house become transformed in a strange manner. For example, the dull, leaden sound of a spoon coming in contact with a plate becomes a large flower in white stone which comes and strikes me full in the chest, but gently, without hurting me in the least.

> At many points these trees affected me so unpleasantly that I was seized by a kind of anguish; and yet at the same time they attracted me, for they seemed to give the loveliest conception of death that one could ever find. As far as the eye could reach in the plantation, I could see nothing but those enormous black trunks, with branches lifted skyward and loaded with their tattered curtains of moss.

This Southern State background is, incidentally, very important for a true understanding of M. Green's novels, for in the latter the landscape and interiors of provincial France are superimposed on kindred memories of Georgia and Florida.

Many people may think the second half of this volume less interesting than the first, because it is more obviously written with an eye on publication. This need not have been a demerit: the whole of Gide's diary was apparently kept with that end in view, and it is one of the most fascinating books of our time. But M. Green does not seem to have had quite the courage necessary to what is essentially a very bold venture: on more than one occasion one has the irritating feeling that a most important piece of the puzzle has deliberately been abstracted. He is as secret as one of his own characters, and in spite of their superficial air of intimacy, these extracts really conceal more than they reveal. So that Glenway Wescott was probably right when he told M. Green that no diary could ever be entirely sincere. In fact, the real enemy of any such records is Impatience. "Oh! I can't be

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WATTS

Company Meeting

THE NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

MR. R. LANGFORD JAMES' ADDRESS.

THE ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders was held at 24 Bishopsgate, E.C., on April 2nd. Mr. R. Langford James, the Chairman, presided, and after referring to the loss sustained by the death of Lord Hawke, said (in part): There has been an increase of approximately £1,300,000 in Current, Fixed Deposit and other Accounts, as compared with the previous year, while the amounts representing Bills of Exchange, Discounts, Loans Receivable, etc., aggregating £15,000,000, show an increase of an almost equal amount—a welcome indication of expanding trade requirements in the principal centres where we operate, of which we hope to see a continuance. While Loans Payable outstanding amount to £1,500,000, Cash and Bullion at £6,860,000 exceed the amount appearing in the previous Balance Sheet by roughly £2,000,000. Our investments in British and Indian Government Securities at £13,382,190 compare with £13,518,824 a year ago and were valued at or under market prices ruling on December 31st.

The net profits for the year amounting to £442,692 7*s.* 8*d.* are about £1,400 less than those of the previous year. With the amount brought forward there is available the sum of £691,572 6*s.* 10*d.* out of which an interim Dividend at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum, less Income Tax, was paid last September and we now recommend the payment of a final Dividend at the same rate. These absorb £320,000 and we propose to apply £75,000 in reduction of House Property Account, to place £50,000 to Staff Pension Funds and to carry forward £246,572 6*s.* 10*d.* The results have been arrived at after making full provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts and for taxation on the heavily increased basis now in force.

During and for some time after the last War inflation was the almost universal order of the day, vast fortunes were made and profits of practically all businesses rose to abnormal heights. The face of this Country is set resolutely against a recurrence of profiteering at the present time and the preventive steps that are being taken cannot but affect, to some extent at least, commerce in Empire countries. While therefore the exports of countries with which we are mainly concerned are and will doubtless continue in demand at prices above those ruling in recent years it is not to be expected that we shall see values rise to the levels reached in the last war. I think it is a fair appreciation of the position to say that we look for general prosperity in our territories without the inflated prices of the 1915/1920 level.

Up to the outbreak of the War raw cotton prices were abnormally low and, with the demand for their products expanding, the Bombay Cotton Mills were gradually working themselves into an improved condition. In spite of labour troubles—which I trust may prove of short duration—it is to be expected that the pace of this improvement will be accelerated under War conditions, prices of competing imported goods being handicapped *inter alia* by increased freight and insurance charges.

The history of the Bengal Jute Mill industry has not been a happy one during the past few years but even before the War came to its assistance the vigorous steps towards rehabilitation were slowly but certainly bearing fruit. War demands—including orders for over 900 million sandbags for ourselves and our Allies—have increased the activities of the Mills materially. It is of interest to observe that, as in the case of the last War, the Allied Governments' requirements are being supplied practically at cost price; in some cases indeed, at an actual loss. Unhappily the market has been dominated by speculators, a well-known state of affairs in Calcutta. Early in the Winter prices were rushed up to almost fantastic levels and, though this phase did not last long, values are still on the verge of what may prove an unhealthily high level. This aspect of their business is kept prominently before the Committee of the Mills' Association.

The Tea Industry continues the even tenor of its way under the protection of the International Regulation Scheme. The prices payable by Government have been fixed on a basis which should ensure supplies of tea being available to the Public at moderate prices, while leaving the growers with a fair margin of profit. The improvement in the Rubber Industry was further influenced by the abnormal factors of the Barter Agreement with the Government of the United States of America and the outbreak of War. It may not be generally realised that the British Empire produces over 50 per cent. of the World production of Plantation Rubber, but the consumption of the United Kingdom is only 10 per cent. of the total World absorption. The influence of the Rubber Plantation Industry in the provision of foreign exchange is therefore substantial. With regard to Indian Sugar—now an important industry—it suffices to say that, with a not inconsiderable rise in prices, the Mills have had a rather more prosperous year.

The Chairman said there was every prospect of a return to more prosperous times in Ceylon and briefly referred to proposal to alter the Currency System which in the opinion of the Bank was fraught with risks undesirable to incur. The Burma Rice Crop he said was the largest since the record year of 1934. He concluded his address by paying a tribute to the staff at home and overseas and particularly to Mr. E. H. Lawrence, General Manager.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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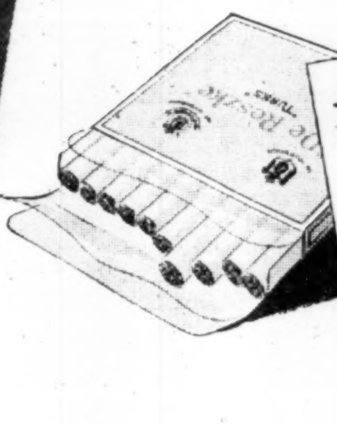

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bothered to put that in," one thinks; for diarists are nearly always in a hurry—to be done with an activity which, whatever their pretensions, they secretly feel to be a guilty one. Thus all diarists sin more by omission than by commission; and there are passages in this book where I seem to feel that it would have been fairer to have told us nothing at all, rather than just so much and not a word more. M. Green is all too apt to lead us up to what must evidently have been an enthralling dialogue, and then suddenly to change the subject.

This book has not been quite so lucky in its translator as the novels have been. The clarity and precision of M. Green's style are here rendered with a certain stiltedness that is quite foreign to the original. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

IN TUNIS AND LIBYA

A Date in the Desert. By G. L. STEER. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 15*s.*

Fourth Shore. By MARTIN MOORE. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The war has thrust Italy's ambitions in North Africa into the background of our memories, but before we are much older this anxious subject will certainly engage our full attention again. When that happens, we shall have reason to be grateful to Mr. Steer and Mr. Moore who have given us in these two books much help in reaching an informed opinion. Mr. Steer journeyed with his eyes open and his mind bent primarily on military problems, from Tunis to the frontiers of Egypt. We have to thank him first of all for a record of his travels written with much literary felicity and charm. He never wearies us with over-elaborate descriptions, for he has a gift of phrase and a magic of words that enables him, often with a good deal of humour, to re-create for us with a few words both the scenes that delighted his eyes and the odd specimens of humanity, Frenchmen, natives and nondescripts, whom he met on his way. If he has a fault it is that he is tempted to trade on this gift of charm. He can always contrive to be entertaining, but his study of the political and economic problems of these North African provinces might with advantage have been more thorough. But no reader will make that complaint about the work he has done on the military situation. On this he concentrated with equal patience and ingenuity and not without risk, for the authorities did not smile on curiosity.

His conclusions are reassuring as regards Tunisia. The French have used all the resources of military science to aid nature, where nature herself was friendly to the defenders. The result, thanks to deserts, mountains, marshes, aerodromes and forts, is a frontier line so nearly impregnable that it is unlikely that the Italians will risk a serious attack. The French might invade Libya with somewhat better prospects of success, but here also the defences are strong and probably, but less certainly, adequate. Mr. Steer gives good reasons for his belief that in the event of war the Italian attack will be directed not on Tunis but on Egypt. Their armaments no less than their strategical roads suggest an aggressive intention, and their army, already formidable, could be reinforced from Sicily with ease. Here, also, nature favours the defence, for it would be difficult for the invaders to supply themselves with water. None the less, Mr. Steer is anxious, and when he wrote, Egypt undoubtedly had no sufficient defensive force, either on land or in the air. That lack may since have been made good.

Mr. Steer, who has a lively sense for history, was startled in Tunis, as is every observant traveller, by the contrast between the evidences of Roman wealth and the poverty of the present day. The process of soil-erosion, which has ravaged this granary of the ancient world through seventeen centuries unchecked, could now be reversed in the once fertile North only by the slow and costly methods that the New Deal is using in the Tennessee Valley. Short of this, however, a great deal could be achieved by the sinking of artesian wells. Why have the French done so little? The answer is partly that their whole conception of colonisation rests on *laissez-faire*. Whatever has been done, has been achieved by capitalistic individualism. The State has not planned for plenty: still less has it shown the dynamic, creative purpose that has distinguished Marshal Balbo's work in Libya. But Mr. Steer is clearly right in the further explanation he offers. He points out that the Romans held all their North African provinces with a garrison that numbered exactly one-tenth of the forces which France and Italy maintain to-day. He might have added that its armament was incomparably less costly. Modern empires must squander on defence the resources that Rome could apply to the building of the temples, theatres and aqueducts whose enduring ruins startle us to-day. Mr. Steer's moral is one that the advocates of European Federation might well make their own. Roman Africa throve because it had what he calls "a central peace," a "central market" and a "central corps of political thought to convert her natives." Our "pretended civilisation" is divided into fighting groups.

Mr. Steer in two passages combats some criticisms which I had directed against French rule in Tunis. He is right, of course, in praising the attitude of the French towards the natives, when one contrasts it with that of Italian Fascism. There is an approach to social equality and the French intellectuals have a true sense of fraternity. It is, moreover, easy for the Arab middle and upper class to absorb all that is best in French civilisation. Italians and Arabs, on the other hand, are walled off as two separate communities, and even when the Arab youth is admitted to Fascist party organisations, it is kept rigidly apart. In all Libya only 120 Arab boys are receiving any secondary education. The case against French rule rests on its sins of omission. Mr. Steer himself censures the slowness of the French in sinking artesian wells. But he insists that Arab poverty is due primarily to Arab fecklessness and fatalism. My answer is that the Arabs are feckless because they are half-starved and wholly illiterate. Even now there are schools only for one child in ten. If they fail, as Mr. Steer complains, to respond to economic motives, the explanation lies in the shocking system of land-tenure, which is for the mass of the workers on the land, in effect, a system of debt-slavery. This, with many another social evil, the French have left untouched.

Mr. Moore's book is devoted entirely to an account of Italian colonisation in Libya which Mr. Steer also describes more briefly. Both writers fell for the magnetic personality of Marshal Balbo. Mr. Moore saw the work of setting Italian peasants at all its stages on holdings and in mass-produced cottages prepared for them in advance by the State. He describes the scheme vividly and, as I can testify, with accuracy. But he saw, as I did, only what the Italians arranged that journalists should see. He found it, as I did, impressive, and he eulogises, not too highly, the courage and imagination that went to the taming of the desert. One wishes, however, that Mr. Moore had thought of living, say for a week, in one of these settlements: we should then have had an intimate account of the lives of these totalitarian colonists under a State that is at once landlord, providence and policeman. The scheme can do nothing worth mentioning to solve the pressure of population on the land in Italy. The white population of Libya will be increased by the end of 1942 by over 100,000 persons at a cost of £20,000,000. In time the scheme will make Libya self-sufficing in its food supply, and will plant a garrison that will some day ensure its defence; for these settlers will breed. For the rest, this daring and brilliant effort is an experiment that may be repeated on a greater scale in Abyssinia. The cost is heavy—on an average £1,500 for each family, to which the State contributes £550 as a free gift. If my memory serves me, £1,000 will settle a family on an irrigated holding in Australia. But the Italian family is larger; eight and sometimes ten persons. One asks whether we could not learn something from this experiment for our own use—perhaps in Western Canada.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

NEW NOVELS

Sons and Fathers. By MAURICE HINDUS. *Collins.* 8*s.*

Paris Gazette. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. *Hutchinson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Susie Slagle's. By AUGUSTA TUCKER. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Decade. By STEPHEN LONGSTREET. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

Sun on the Water. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The title *Sons and Fathers* suggests a Russian tract of a familiar pattern about the inflexibility of the old. But Mr. Hindus has turned the story inside out and this time it is Pop who is the good party comrade and the son who is the effete lover of the old order. The conflict has been given a sort of freshness by making the issue between them that which the recent foreign policy of the Workers' Paradise has brought very much to the fore. The son is one of those brainy softies who dodge the reality of life by practising medicine and who dodge political realities by quacking about mercy, justice, and the other bourgeois concepts designed to fool the working class. The father is a party man, a Cheka Commissar with a faith in Terror. In the Revolutionary Years they work out their full incompatibility and finally part as strangers, the son loathing his father's bloody hands and the father despising the weakness of the humanitarian. It is the row between those

Company Meeting

HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY

BRIG.-GEN. SIR E. N. WHITLEY'S ADDRESS.

THE Eighty-seventh Annual General Meeting of members of the Halifax Building Society was held on April 1st in Halifax. Brig.-Gen. Sir Edward N. Whitley, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., D.L., the President, in moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet, said (in part):—

Our total assets have increased by more than £895,000 to the record sum of over £129,000,000 and, but for having to find an additional sum of over £200,000 for Income Tax and N.D.C., our profit for the year would have been even better than last year. Of the £129,000,000 of assets more than one-sixth consists of items that are not liable to depreciation, over £6,000,000 of cash in the Banks, and over £15,000,000 of Loans to Local Authorities repayable at fixed and for the most part early dates, and a small, relatively small, amount of a Dominion Government security repayable within three years at par and already at a higher price in the market than in our books. It has long been our policy to maintain this rather high proportion of liquid assets and we are especially glad of them in these difficult times.

The rest of our visible assets consists of our own office properties, which stand in our books at £681,768, a figure which we feel sure is more than justified by their value, and £106,519,832 of loans secured by mortgages on freehold and leasehold property in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, an increase during the year of over £1,250,000.

The mortgages are carefully selected, the properties on which the loan is made being all valued by professional valuers, and the amount at risk is reduced each year by periodical repayments.

The amount owing to investing shareholders at £88,000,000 and to depositors at £34,000,000 has increased by £495,942 during the year; other liabilities for Income Tax, N.D.C. and contingencies amount to £557,035, leaving in the Reserve Funds and carry forward £5,800,000, which is 4.49 per cent. of all liabilities as against 4.2 per cent. last year.

In spite of substantial expenditure on A.R.P., the management expenses are less than last year, amounting to only 8*s.* 7*d.* in each £100 of mean total assets as against 9*s.* 1*d.*

The amount advanced on new mortgages was £12,612,343, but of course far less than the £20,000,000 which we have advanced in each of the past five years.

Out of the balance of profit for the year the Directors have allotted, subject to confirmation at this meeting, the sum of £100,511 to the payment of a bonus to Monthly Subscription Investing Shareholders of 15*s.* per cent. and to Paid-up Shareholders Class 1 of 10*s.* per cent.

At the outbreak of war the Building Societies' Association urged on their members the importance of maintaining a liquid position in view of the uncertainties of the situation and recommended that notice in accordance with the rules should be required for withdrawals. We had long recognised the value of liquidity, but at the same time it was evident that our members would need rather more ready money than usual owing to the dislocation which was being caused by the evacuation of large cities and trade disturbance, and we therefore gave instructions that while notice should be required for withdrawals of deposits and shares, small sums for daily needs should be paid out at once, and that where an investor had real need for a larger sum it should be paid without delay. At no time was there any sign of panic withdrawals and after the initial shock of the declaration of war had passed, withdrawals speedily returned to normal dimensions.

The effect of war on the other side of our business was much more marked. No new applications for advances were granted but we completed all those which had been accepted prior to the outbreak of war.

Another effect of the outbreak of war was the great increase in the number of requests for the temporary suspension of repayments of capital on advances already made, and we have given most sympathetic consideration to all cases where a member who has been a regular payer has found it difficult to go on in consequence either of military service, of evacuation, or of unemployment owing to the sudden dislocation of life.

The Chairman then dealt with the efforts made to secure a Government scheme providing a compulsory contributory insurance which would compensate fully for war damage to fixed property, and he explained that while the Government was not prepared to legislate, the Chancellor's pledge, given in January, 1939, that "When the extent of the damage to property in private ownership is known, such contribution will be made from public funds as the circumstances make possible in accordance with a scale which would at any rate pay in full up to a certain limit of loss, and thereafter would be graded" seemed to be satisfactory to the Society.

Before concluding, the Chairman made brief reference to the reduction of interest from June 30th next, and explained that while the Board had been loath to do this, there was no proper alternative. He concluded by thanking the Managers and Staff for their splendid work throughout a difficult year.

The report and accounts were adopted.

Company Meeting

THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA

MR. A. D'ANYERS WILLIS' ADDRESS

THE Eighty-sixth Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders was held on 3rd April at 38, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., Mr. A. d'Anyers Willis, chairman, presided and first referred to the loss sustained by the death of Lord Inchcape and to other Board changes. He then dealt with the absorption of the P. and O. Banking Corporation Ltd., and proceeded to comment in detail on the various items of the Balance Sheet. Continuing he said (in part):—We were able to transfer into our books practically the whole of the accounts of the clients of the P. and O. Banking Corporation, Ltd., and this fact, speaks volumes for the goodwill and hard work of our officers who were engaged in the transfer of that undertaking.

The Profit for the year, after making sundry provisions, shows a small increase of £3,039 at £338,348, but whereas a year ago we provided out of Contingencies Account a sum to meet the depreciation on Government Securities, this year it has been charged against Current Profits. Another feature is the increase of Taxation, both at home and abroad. Also the Directors last September decided not to deduct the full rate of Income Tax they could have done under the Supplementary Budget from the Interim Dividend, which really meant an increase in the Dividend of ⅜ per cent. net per annum.

This Interim Dividend absorbed £150,000, and it is proposed to pay a Final Dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum for the Half-Year to 31st December last, costing £150,000, to transfer £35,000 to the Officers' Pension Fund, and to carry forward the balance of £182,442 14*s.* 1*d.*

REVIEW OF TRADING CONDITIONS IN THE EAST

It is a heartening feature of the present conduct of the War that a recognition of the necessity for exports from this Country is now almost general, and we welcome the institution by His Majesty's Government of an Export Council under vigorous leadership. Through our widespread system of branches, this Bank is well equipped to render service in creating and building up markets for British goods. On the outbreak of War countries producing raw and war materials immediately assumed greater importance.

In India, large orders for sandbags were placed by the British Government, whilst practically the entire Tea crop (including that of Ceylon) has been purchased by the Ministry of Food. For a period after the outbreak of hostilities prices of products such as cotton and jute rose considerably, but these have now receded to more reasonable levels. *In Malaya*, the increased demand for Rubber and Tin has completely altered the outlook for the producers of these commodities. Indeed, the exports from Malaya for the second half of 1939 were valued at over £50,000,000, as against a total export trade in the full year 1938 of something under £68,000,000.

In spite of such a large portion of China being under the control of the Japanese, and the Yangtsze and Pearl Rivers being closed to Foreign shipping, it seems remarkable that trade in no small volume continues to emanate from that country. Shanghai still maintains its paramount position in Chinese trade. Its total for last year was within £5,000,000 of that for 1936, the last year to be unaffected by the "China Incident." Our branches at Hankow and Canton are practically moribund for the time being. Produce, including Silk from South China, somehow filters through to Hongkong and is financed there. *Hongkong* trade figures have been well maintained and local industries and business houses in the main have had a prosperous year. In the North, Tientsin, Peiping, and Tsingtao have been adversely affected by trade and currency regulations, which, apart from other considerations, have rendered business very difficult. I do not wish to burden you with details of the value of China's foreign trade, but when you realise in the present trying conditions that the Chinese Government, with unabated courage, are continuing to assist its nationals to build up and develop new industrial and agricultural enterprises in districts still left to their control, we need have no fear but that a prosperous future still lies ahead for that great country.

In Japan, a considerable expansion took place in the value of the foreign trade of the country during the past year—exports showing a much greater increase than imports. There can be no doubt, that the strain of the "incident in China," now in its third year, and the enormous increase it has created in Japan's internal indebtedness, has prevented her from benefiting to any extent from her position as a neutral in the conflict in Europe; no improvement seems likely until the "incident" is peacefully concluded and normal trading conditions are rendered possible.

The Chairman intimated that the application for the renewal of the Bank's Charter for a further 30 years had been successfully carried through all its legal and other formalities. He explained that it was his wish to relinquish the chairmanship after this meeting and that the Board's intention was to elect Mr. V. A. Grantham in his place. He paid a tribute to the entire staff at home and abroad before putting, to the meeting, the adoption of the report which was carried unanimously.

who say "after all, only four hundred people were killed in the air raids in Finland," and those to whom the dropping of the bombs at all was quite enough. The latter opinion, according to Mr. Hindus and the Communists, is typical of the sentimentality which hamstrings the intellectual in politics. Has not the intellectual taken a similar view about the terror against the Whites, the terror against the socialist opposition which followed the attempt on Lenin, the malicious self-destruction of the yeomanry, and the melancholy sequel to the murder of the dearly beloved Kirov? In fact the time has come to repudiate the intellectual even as a fellow traveller. The faithful in this country have been scolding the humanitarians for whom Finland was the final straw and advising them to read *La Trahison des Clercs* in which they are to find an analysis of their failure; as M. Benda was criticising intellectuals for sacrificing the pursuit of truth to political beliefs, one cannot imagine that his new adherents have read much further than the word "treason" in the title. Be that as it may, there is a lot to be said for the loyalty to reason which Benda recommends and for considering such a book as this in its light. A woman trying to get across the border into Finland has been shot by the frontier guards and father and son discuss the matter. Doesn't this shooting of a politically impotent fugitive seem wrong, says the son. No, replies the father:

> "Nothing bothers me if it's part of my duty, if it is for the salvation of the masses."
>
> "Not even if you've put a bullet into the head of a man or woman who . . . turns out to be innocent?"
>
> "What's done can't be undone. We aren't miracle workers. The dead we can't resurrect. It is better that the innocent suffer than that the guilty go unpunished."
>
> "Kill them off . . . ?"
>
> "Yes, kill them off, if there's no other way of stopping them plotting against us and preventing us from smashing once and for ever the enslavement of the masses."
>
> "An eye for an eye?"
>
> "Ten eyes for one, for one of ours."
>
> "A life for a life?"
>
> "A hundred, a thousand lives for one life, for one of our lives."

Reason, not sentiment, objects to twaddle like this. As a policy in Russia it resulted in such a wastage of trained personnel that post-revolutionary reconstruction was impeded—it is a form of revolutionary inefficiency. To pretend, as this book does, that this is Communism's strong point is grotesque; it is a weakness indulgence in which has done the cause of Socialism throughout the world immeasurable harm, and the leaders of Western Socialism in repudiating it are serving the interests of the working class as those who attempt to justify it are not. Mr. Hindus's book completely vindicates the intellectual attitude it seeks to bring into contempt; if he had tried he could not have done his own case more harm.

Mr. Feuchtwanger's novel is a pleasant change from the run of novels about exiles, the usual cry for pity is dispensed with and instead there is a picture of *émigré* life as it is. The story is of Nazi intrigue to obtain control of a German newspaper appearing in Paris which is hostile to the regime, the intrigue is sufficiently complex and there are added to it a number of sub plots which would be by themselves enough for the average novel. The moral disintegration produced by living too long on uncertain favours, the *émigré* delight in intensified party politics, the whole emotional distress of exile, these things are brilliantly and impersonally described. There is also an extremely fine study of Nazi Paris seen from the strong point of complete understanding. But good and objective as the descriptive matter is, there can be no escaping the fact that the going is heavy. The German assumption that nothing can be left to the reader to fill in for himself gives an impression of tautology—the reader grasps the point long before the writer stops pushing it at him, so that he has the feeling of hearing everything twice. Still, the exiles' world has never been better described.

Ship Number Three is still coming in loaded over the marks with American Novels—this is after all a free country. *Miss Susie Slagle's* is a novel about medical students which has a great deal of charm.

> While Clay's eyes were trying to transmit the contents of this remarkable museum to his brain, the portières in the single doorway, at the far corner of the parlour, parted.
>
> The student who stood there was tall, black-haired, and perfectly co-ordinated.

Decade isn't so Hi-brow in places and its much Hi-brower in others. Mr. Longstreet is manifestly a split personality and hardly co-ordinated at all:

"Yes?" "How you feel?" "Tops." "You happy, Sugar?" alternating with stuff like this:

> Chris wrote of the mighty orgies of the lumbermen and their women; and the high lust and mistral of cheap scent and strong whiskey and roistering hilarity; and the bedding down of the American giants with the broad peasant women of the mining towns, the meat ranches and the railroad yards.

Mr. L. A. G. Strong's short stories have the agreeable quality of the sort of anecdote one hears in a country pub on market day. The volume leads off with a dead flat art for art's sake story, but apart from that unfortunate exception the pleasant "would you believe it now" atmosphere of the bar parlour is maintained. It amounts to very little but it is quite good fun. ANTHONY WEST

THE ABBEY

The Irish Theatre. Lectures delivered during the Abbey Theatre Festival held in Dublin in August, 1938. Edited by LENNOX ROBINSON. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

Three Plays. By TERESA DEEVY. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

The Abbey Theatre has become a legend, and legends prosper best at a distance. The occasional visit of the Irish Players to London or New York is a pleasant event, for only the best of the new and the old plays are presented. Few realise that in the last thirty years the Abbey Theatre has produced three hundred and fifty plays and more than a hundred dramatists or would-be dramatists. This is a large amount for a small country, and many of these plays, stripped of the Abbey legend, are little better than the old-fashioned farces played by amateur dramatic societies in English village halls. The Abbey Theatre has become, in fact, a popular institution where popular audiences rock with laughter every week at the latest farce. When the Abbey Theatre Festival was held in the autumn of 1938 to celebrate the achievement of thirty years, the temporary transformation of a popular institution into a legendary art theatre caused some curious mental displacement. Disgruntled intellectuals saw a bedizened and aged Cathleen ni Houlihan; American and, possibly, English visitors saw the young girl of legend and "she with the walk of a queen." The lectures delivered by Irish authors and dramatists on that occasion have now been collected by Mr. Lennox Robinson and appear in a rather belated volume. They are complimentary, concerned with the national window rather than the dramatic cupboard and, on the whole, are quite agreeable. Mr. Frank O'Connor alone introduces the irrelevant but vital note of controversy. Mr. Lennox Robinson adds to the legend of Lady Gregory a gynecological episode which is not to be found in *Hail and Farewell.* "On the day that her son was born, her husband and she were entertaining some distinguished guests at luncheon. After lunch she went upstairs and had her baby—and probably came down in time to pour out tea." The "probably" is a delightful touch of Irish humour. Mr. F. R. Higgins writes with a poet's insight on Yeats's poetic dramas, but avoids the problem of their rhythmic failure, due to Yeats's singular ideas of verse-speaking and insistence on a basic monotone. Dr. Walter Starkie writes with his accustomed enthusiasm on the plays of Sean O'Casey. One of the most interesting articles is by Mr. T. C. Murray, who deals with plays which have been overlooked and, indirectly, raises the real problem of the Abbey. That problem is the fact that its players are purely type actors, concentrating mainly on the broad effects of dialect comedy and farce. Mr. Murray deals at length with one of the most interesting plays in the Abbey Theatre repertoire—*Margaret Gillan*, by Brinsley MacNamara. Only a great actress could interpret the main character in this play. Its comparative failure on the Abbey stage shows that the development of an Irish drama of character and emotional problems is handicapped by the tradition of "folk acting."

The case of Miss Teresa Deevy, one of the best of contemporary Irish dramatists, is an example of this Irish dramatic problem. *Katie Roche*, which has been well described as a passionate comedy, is not even mentioned in Mr. Lennox Robinson's book. Yet Katie Roche herself is perhaps the best piece of character creation to be found in any Abbey play in recent years. But the subtlety of this character study and its delicate interplay of mood are beyond the range of folk drama. Miss Deevy is purely interested in the reaction of characters one upon another, and the other two plays in her book have the same power of incisive yet delicate perception. She does not indulge in the exuberant dialect or national characteristics which London and American critics

Company Meeting

VICKERS LIMITED

THE Seventy-third Annual General Meeting was held on April 3rd in London. Mr. A. A. Jamieson, Chairman, presided and moved: (1) the adoption of the report and accounts; (2) the confirmation of interim dividend, and (3) that a final dividend of 6 per cent. less Tax on the Ordinary Stock be paid. These were unanimously carried. The chairman stated that he did not intend to make a speech but instead had circulated a review which would have formed the basis of his address. Points from this are given below:

The Balance Sheet of Vickers Limited shows that a strong position has been maintained and the holding of a large sum in cash and Government Securities continues to be the policy of your directors.

VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS LIMITED: The change-over from peace to war conditions was carried out without any disturbance, and the Company are meeting the requirements of H.M. Government which are entrusted to them. There are many sides of this Company's activities of which, if I were free to do so, I should like to tell you and of which you would hear with pride. There has been a large expansion in turnover and this is reflected in a comparison of the figure of work in progress of £32,623,460 at December, 1939, with £24,721,695 in the previous year.

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METROPOLITAN-CAMMELL CARRIAGE & WAGON CO. LIMITED: The dividend is again 8 per cent. free of income tax and £100,000 has been placed to General Reserve. The Balance Sheet, which is published for the first time, discloses a strong position. The profits show a reduction which is brought about by increased taxation.

At great cost to ourselves we had maintained our works in a state of efficiency and readiness during a period when there was small encouragement to expand or re-equip them and when orders for our products were scarce. As a result of this, we were able before the outbreak of war to meet from our plants the increasing requirements of the Service Departments arising out of the defence programme. During this latter period at the request of the Service Departments we freely gave expert assistance and guidance to many companies which were not normally engaged in armament production, a service which has been expanded still further since the outbreak of war. The Group is working at full pressure with one thought uppermost in the minds of each individual, namely to do his or her utmost to win the war.

Company Meeting

ERICSSON TELEPHONES LTD.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Company was held in London on April 3rd. Col. Sir Harold A. Wernher, K.C.V.O., Chairman, presided. The Chairman, after having the Shareholders' permission to take the accounts as read, referred to the very different conditions under which they met that morning. "At such times as these," he said, "the strength or weakness of a business is put to a searching test." The whole year had been abnormal from a trading point of view, but they would have seen from the accounts how effectively the Company had been able to meet the initial strain of war conditions.

The demand in the home market for telephone equipment had been adversely affected by present conditions, but their plant was being used to an ever increasing extent on contracts for the Defence Ministries.

The Government rightly placed importance on maintaining a large export trade. Their Company's sales overseas represented a substantial portion of their turnover.

After experiencing considerable difficulty in getting the plants completed for the manufacture of metallic powders and a high dispersive form of red lead under new processes acquired by the Company, the results of many months of patient labour had been destroyed by an unfortunate accident. However, they now felt confident that they would shortly be in a position to resume deliveries against substantial orders.

The Chairman then referred to the question of Air Raid Precautions for their 4,500 employees, a problem which had been ingeniously and satisfactorily solved, the cost being met out of revenue.

Turning to the Accounts, the Chairman said that the profit of £261,813 compared with £261,618 for 1938. Taxation required £102,832. The Capital Structure remained unchanged. Trade Creditors including provision for taxation totalled £239,270 compared with £175,159. Loan from Bankers was £228,972 against £61,579, this increase also reflecting the large contracts in hand, in which connection he would mention stocks and work in progress amounting to £868,465, which is £188,851 more than 1938. The net profit was £140,171 compared with £161,293 a year ago, the difference being accounted for by no dividend from the Subsidiary and £19,564 extra taxation. The balance in Profit and Loss account, after allowing for the Preference Dividend for the whole year and the Interim Ordinary Dividend paid in October, was £144,392. Machinery, Plant, Buildings and other fixed Assets totalled £356,034 and Debtors £199,351.

The Directors' Report and Accounts were adopted.

Company Meeting

PROVINCIAL CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRES

MR. MARK OSTRER'S REVIEW.

THE Thirtieth Annual General Meeting of the Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, Limited, was held in London on March 29th. Mr. Mark Ostrer (Chairman and Mg. Director) presided and said (in part):—

The net profit for the year, including income from investments and transfer fees, is £450,630. Adding the amount brought forward from last year, namely, £120,259, there is available for distribution £570,889. There is no change in the authorised and issued share capital.

The reserve for income tax and National Defence Contribution stands at £134,289 and is greater than last year's figure by £39,875. The depreciation reserve account now stands at £1,262,537, a net increase as compared with last year of £98,576. The Debenture Stock Sinking Fund has been increased to £84,723, and at £675,000 the general reserve remains the same as last year.

Deducting from the available sum of £570,889 the amounts appropriated to reserve for income tax and National Defence Contribution, Depreciation reserve and Debenture Stock Sinking Fund, as already mentioned, and the dividends totalling £202,500 on the Preference and Preferred Ordinary shares as shown in the Accounts, there remains a balance of £205,541, out of which your Directors recommend the payment of a dividend for the year of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary shares amounting to £75,000, leaving £130,541 to be carried forward.

I am sure you will agree that these figures are satisfactory. In considering the results it must be borne in mind that all theatres and cinemas were compulsorily closed for practically two weeks on the outbreak of war. This closure not only caused a great loss of revenue, but we had, quite properly, to bear the burden of paying our staff.

I said some years ago that the cinema had become an integral part of the lives of the people, and under present conditions the need for entertainment is much greater. As an instance, in numerous districts where troops are stationed Commanding Officers have requested the local authorities to license the opening of cinemas on Sundays. These applications have been granted in many parts of the country, and I am sure we have been able to relieve the tedium of a large number of His Majesty's Forces, especially during the winter months. I am of the opinion that, given conditions which are no worse than those prevailing since the war began, we shall be able to present to you accounts which will be in every way satisfactory. The report was unanimously adopted.

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PHILOSOPHY

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usually demand and get from the Abbey. But the strength of the Irish dramatic movement is shown by the fact that serious Irish dramatists persevere and the hope that the Abbey Theatre itself may eventually evolve keeps them from despair. Besides, there is always a chance elsewhere. The success of Mr. P. V. Carroll's play, *Shadow and Substance*, when played by a regular company in New York, is a case in point. AUSTIN CLARKE

A NATIONAL POET

Dionysius Solomos. By ROMILLY JENKINS. *Cambridge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The " national poet of Greece " was a British subject of eccentric distinction, for the Ionian Islands remained till 1863 a British Protectorate. His noble *Ode to Liberty*, in 154 quatrains each of which resembles metrically a couplet of " Locksley Hall," written just too late to be presented to Byron at Missolonghi, was said in 1825 to have been " read in the original Greek in every civilised country in Europe " ; and has become, to a trumpety tune, the Greek national anthem, which Kipling translated as a Philhellenic gesture for the centenary of Navarino.

He never went to Athens, probably because he was afraid, with good reason, of damaging his illusions. He never finished another poem of any magnitude, not because he was afraid of damaging his laurels, which were enclosed in a circle of adoring friends, respectful English officials and their ethereal-looking daughters ; but because, suggests Mr. Jenkins, he could never attain his own ideals, which were continually receding in a cloud of German aesthetic theory ; possibly also because his creative power, softened by Greek wine and finally dissolved by Scotch whisky, was not tough enough to climb very far beyond the romantic ballads of his youth. He had three or four grand symbolic major works to talk and dream about all his life ; but only fragments, with rough drafts in Italian and in prose, were found after his death.

Mr. Jenkins, who very considerately prints ten pages of selections in the original Greek, tries hard to persuade us that these are jewels and roses. Readers must try to judge for themselves, and thereby acquire a knowledge of the modern Greek literary language of which Solomos is said to have been the chief creator—" the Dante of the Greek Parnassus." Some readers perhaps will find that the translations by Mr. Jenkins are often better than the originals. Mr. Jenkins certainly exaggerates in emphasising the diversity of the island dialects before Solomos, rather than the unity of the Greek vernacular as seen in the Folk Songs and in the Cretan literature which Solomos himself says that everyone in Zante could understand. These are only small question-marks in the margins of a delightful book which makes us long to go (as soon as possible) to Corfu, where the poet died in 1857, " to sit beneath a colonnade of French construction, opposite a Venetian fort, and watch the islanders playing cricket in front of the English Regency Palace " ; or, better still, to Zante, where he was born in 1798, " the city fringed by a low range of ochreous hills, . . . dotted with country mansions and villas, with gardens, orchards and olive yards, with flowers and aromatic herbs which in spring cast their fragrance far out to sea."

JOHN MAVROGORDATO

News and the Human Interest Story. By HELEN MACGILL HUGHES. *Cambridge University Press.* 18*s.*

The University of Chicago Sociological Series includes studies of the " Sales-lady," the " Taxi-Dance Hall " and " The Gang," for in America Sociologists have been much more alert than here in studying popular behaviour. In the latest addition to the series Mrs. MacGill Hughes studies the development and present constitution of the most popular American newspapers, particularly those " tabloids " of which the London *Daily Mirror* is a diluted equivalent. The " Yellow Press " resulted from a competition between Hearst and Pulitzer to secure the patronage of the semi-literate. Pulitzer began with a useful distinction between news that was important and news that was interesting—a dog-fight in the next street was interesting, a war abroad was merely important. Information, if it appeared at all, was confined to headlines, and the body of the paper was given to the " human interest story "—that is current crimes and sordid love-affairs written up to excite sympathy or indignation. Photographs make more effect, it has been discovered, than even the most lurid prose, and the modern tabloid consists principally of headlines and illustrations—fulfilling Northcliffe's supposed ideal of a newspaper for those who cannot read. The large profits available have made " giving people what they want " an increasingly elaborate activity—the owner of one tabloid " subsidises experiment to control the sex of unborn rats, in the belief that their successful application to man would bring him ' the scientific scoop of the decade.' " Mrs. Hughes provides many such interesting facts. Thus there are in the U.S.A. wireless programmes called " Your Lover," in which for fifteen minutes a male voice whispers endearment, speaking close to the microphone. These provide for lonely women the opportunity for solitary pleasure which the burlesque shows give to men.) Sex, murder and " mothers' tears " are the staple of the tabloids, but animals behaving apparently in a human way have proved almost equally effective as " human interest stories." The kidnapping of Lindbergh's baby was of course the most enjoyable of all such tales. Mrs. Hughes compares these stories with the ballads of primitive peoples and with the Broadsides of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. She is wonderfully unpriggish in her approach to a depressing subject, and goes so far as to call this type of journalism " perhaps the most robust medium the demos, or even sophisticated people, have found for expediting an understanding of themselves." She gives, however, no reason for supposing that the tabloid can help anyone to understand anything. Based upon brutal intrusion upon privacy and an entire disregard of truth, the tabloid seeks to develop the appetites of the sadist and the *voyeur*, but it is agreeable to read that in the long run this ingenuity defeats itself. " The traditional reader of ' hot news ' may grow case-hardened and find no sensation exciting enough." Moreover, the advertiser finds that the tabloid does not make the reader attentive to advertisements, except of patent medicines. But perhaps Mrs. Hughes is too optimistic. The New York *Graphic* did indeed fail—it was a little premature in its extreme vileness. There are however to-day several flourishing tabloids, which are just as bad as the *Graphic* ever was. This book deserves to be read, as a clear account of one disease to which semi-literate democracy is liable.

Decisive Battles. By MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER. Vol. II. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 16*s.*

In this volume General Fuller completes his studies of those battles he regards as specially " decisive," from Saratoga to the Abyssinian victories of Badoglio and the Spanish of Franco. There is the same research as before, and the number of authorities quoted in the notes is quite astonishing. The maps, again, are clear and instructive ; and if the General had confined himself to his proper subject there would have been little but praise for him.

No two historians, probably, would draw up the same list of a dozen decisive battles : and almost certainly there will be dispute as to the

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New term begins Tuesday, April 16th.
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BACHELOR Civil Servant wants large furnished bed-sitting room, central or West End, where own piano can be played any hour without being heard: breakfast and service. £2–£3. Box 7136.

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NERVY WOMAN welcomed. Quiet, dieted, comfortable. Cared for. Kent Cottage. BM/BCGX, W.C.1.

FOOD FOR FIGHTING ON. Address by Dr. Josiah Oldfield at Annual Meeting, St. Francis Hospital. Wednesday, April 10th, Hotel Rissell, 4 p.m.

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THE hiking smoker rests awhile.
And cultivates the TOM LONG Smile.

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decisiveness of those of recent times. Pilsudski's victory at Warsaw, for example, has already—for the time—been wiped out: and Abyssinia is still resisting with some hope of success. But one would not quarrel with the General in a matter of definition. One can learn much from an expert description of a battle which has had no particular importance; and, to take one example, whether Chattanooga was decisive or not, General Fuller's account of it can hardly be improved. The fault we have to find with him is different. He cannot keep his political prejudices from bursting all bounds. He hates democracy, and shows his hatred without remorse. Everybody knows that Congress broke the terms of Burgoyne's capitulation. "This dishonourable action, *typical of popular assemblies*, was only equalled by the supineness of the British Parliament." Has no despot ever broken his word? As for the League of Nations, the General never misses an opportunity of sneering at it, and, where one is absent, makes it. He rejoices over the invasion of Abyssinia because it was a defeat of the League, and "exploded eighteen years of idealistic humbug." He does not add that Mussolini, in a fashion typical of despotism, broke half a dozen solemn promises. We are thus prepared for a series of eulogies of General Franco, and for a number of very dubious statements about the Spanish parties. All this is utterly outside the range of military history.

The Pre-War Biographies of Romain Rolland. By RONALD A. WILSON. *Oxford.* 10s. 6d.

The Pre-War Biographies of Romain Rolland deals with the *Lives* of Millet, Beethoven, Michael Angelo and Tolstoy and relates them with the complete work and philosophy of the man who, though clearly seeing the approach of the last war, still believed in brotherhood between the French and German peoples—"les deux ailes de l'Occident"; it shows how this ideal, and Rolland's cult of the hero, culminated in the epic work *Jean Christophe*. Rolland's urge towards biography arose out of his idealism and was the manifestation of an inward need to pay tribute to Great Men, not of a preoccupation with a literary genre. In fact, he was always more concerned with life than with literature, and was in constant revolt against the gross materialism of his time. He remained the man who, at the Ecole Normale, twice failed in his professional examination because his passion for the music and poetry of Beethoven, Shakespeare and Hugo drove study into the background. The biographies are compared with those of Plutarch, Carlyle and Emerson, and a "sympathie" springing from "la même soif d'héroisme" is revealed. The actual personal relationships which existed between Rolland and great contemporaries are fascinating to students of that yeasty period—he corresponded with Tolstoy and at the age of 20 had an interview with Renan—and his interpretation of others such as Nietzsche is illuminating.

Week-end Competitions

No. 530

Set by John Roberts

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for a diary similar to our feature—THE COMING WEEK—but consisting of items which would attract the smallest audiences. Copying past "Coming Week" diaries is taboo!

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 12th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 528

Set by Robinson Moody

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for the best poems on Spring, in not more than twenty lines. (References to the war will be permissible but unwelcome.) The beginning as well as the end of *every* line must rhyme with some other beginning or end.

Report by Robinson Moody

I presume that this metrical device is not new, but I cannot remember any instance of its use. The ingenuity with which competitors have applied it is remarkable. Many have kept one set of rhymes for the beginnings, and another for the end, but I think that a free play makes a happier effect. R. S. Jaffray, however, contrived a neat poem in couplet that rhymed at each end. Here are his last four lines:

Who shall say Swinburne succumbed to the sobering ease of Walter-Dunton?
You who admire dithyrambics will hear how his hounds can still hunt on.
Glad Aphrodite arises again from the moon-driven Ocean:
Mad though all mankind may be, here is Spring, the perpetual Motion!

Norah Benet-Lynch wrote a sonnet so ingenious that I must give myself the pleasure of quoting it:

Gold crocus, breaking softly through the mould,
Holding the Springtime in thy chaliced cup,
Bold Innocent! tenderly offering up
Nuptial embraces to the Sun's fierce hold.
Cold winds are waning, Winter groweth old,
Folding his cloak he dare not stay to sup,
(Soldier of Fortune) North Wind's stirrup cup
Holding him back. The drums of Spring have rolled!
Maintain the army of untrammelled hours,
Bowers of delight, sharp spears of blossoming rain,
Stain the young grass with Spring's faint, lovely flowers.
Now as the year breaks, we have forgotten pain,
Vain is the memory of the past. Fate glowers?
Ours is the Victory! Spring is here again!

Johnny Dog managed a wonderfully intricate scheme, including single lines in which were three pairs of rhymes: "'Sing on!' saith one to-day, not knowing for growing hides decay and death in Spring." His entry was one of the best as well as the most ingenious. Guy Innes, Kay, M. C. Trench, Towanbucket, Pollards, G. F. Plant, A. S., F. E. Puxon, Austro, Polly Peachum, F. Rothbaum, Kathleen Vinall are others who deserve, and came near to obtaining, a prize. Jenifer Wayne and Decima Rathbone were only after long hesitation rejected in favour of the three prize-winners. Almost all the entries were artful and enjoyable. I recommend that the first prize be divided between Beatrice Allen and Willy Tadpole, the second go to J. S.

FIRST PRIZE

SPRING SONG

Choir of the dawn-song, chant your incantation,
Sing to the glory of the year's great prime.
Climb the steep sky, aspiring lark, mount higher,
Tire heaven with your importunate trill,
Station yourself in air on quivering wing.
Ring your sweet bells, great titmouse, let them chime,
Till meadow, wood and hill
Fill with the magic of your invocation,
Oblation to Ver's godhead raise,
Praise him, you feathered nation.

Then let the loud thrush shout to keep the time;
Swing it! Swing it! he urges, on one string,
Still harping; and the blackbird with his yellow
Bill plays a rich strain on his mellow
Cello; cushat and dove the burden croon.
When will the hedge leaves hide me? pipes the wren.
Soon, twitters robin; Spring
Stays but to bring with him cuckoo, his boon
Fellow. Oh Spring, haste here again!
Amen! breathes all creation.

BEATRICE ALLEN

Hither heart and foot be lither,
Either beating to a measure
Withe or warbling bird make blither,
Neither bidding end to pleasure.
Bless your blossom, bird a-singing,
Bringing beauty and its blisses,
Kisses widely-blown or clinging
Over plains and precipices.
Soon the lyric lark will hover
Singing an ecstatic tune,
Lover and belovéd bringing
Overbrimming bliss and boon,
Vital be the pledgéd vow,
Now let eager lovers plight all
Passion in soft words that grow
Low and sweet in their recital.
Oft may lovers launch their sighs on
Skies on fire with sun aloft,
Soon to swoon where the horizon
Dies on sundown dim and soft.

WILLY TADPOLE

SECOND PRIZE

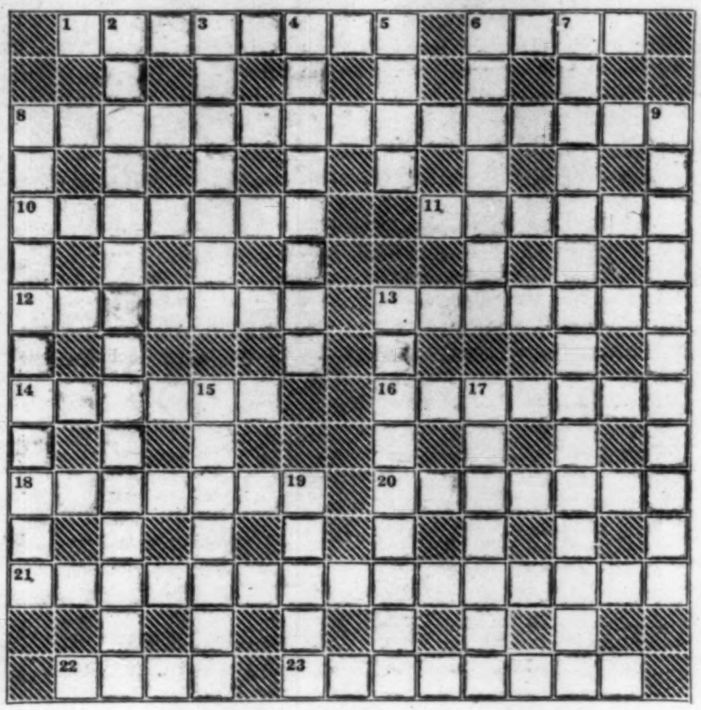
Reason, your reign is past, you had your season
Frost stayed the stream from flowing.
Low on wild wings, the crazy birds, wind-tossed
Knowing no care for other springs, long lost,
How madly wheel, crests glowing.

Calling, the plovers fall, and wildly falling
Gleam as the sun discovers.
White as their breasts, the snowdrops by the stream.
Plovers on high; and in their happy dream
Light-hearted pass the lovers.

J. S.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 526

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

P. Nichols, 48 Church Way, Whetstone, N.20

ACROSS

1. How a German ship makes off. (8)

6. Verse that gave the clergy the benefit. (4)

8. Williams of Swapping. (15)

10. One may step out of them. (7)

11. Miss Merrilees joins Maxton's group. (6)

12. People usually find themselves all at sea here. (7)

13. Not the manner of those on foot. (7)

14. Any Christian might regard him as a father. (6)

16. Die at your post in the upheaval (7).

18. Fathered by Sweeney? (7)

20. Left to rot to pieces. (7)

21. Wish to offset a friend. (15)

22. O Sir, is she his wife? (4)

23. But there's sense about it. (8)

DOWN

2. Complaint of one who sees light without shade. (15)

3. Hardy girl's age. (7)

4. The British right of way. (8)

5. Some German Duchies were this colour to begin with. (4)

6. (rev.). Winds do, like humans themselves, of course when they rise. (7)

7. Where one might easily be in the soup. (15)

8. Decoration of the Great Panjandrum. (11)

9. Politically, as it were. (11)

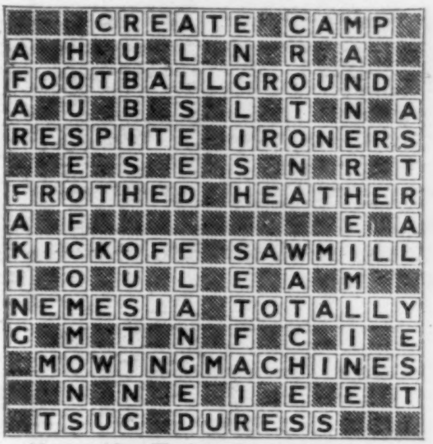
13. How the leaving maid walks. (9)

15. Obviously there's less tin when one does. (7)

17. Shielded shade (7)

19. They are usually on hand nowadays. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



■	■	■	C	R	E	A	T	E	■	C	A	M	P	■
A	■	H	■	U	■	L	■	N	■	R	■	A	■	■
F	O	O	T	B	A	L	L	G	R	O	U	N	D	■
A	■	U	■	B	■	S	■	L	■	T	■	N	■	A
R	E	S	P	I	T	E	■	I	R	O	N	E	R	S
■	■	E	■	S	■	E	■	S	■	N	■	R	■	T
F	R	O	T	H	E	D	■	H	E	A	T	H	E	R
A	■	F	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	A
K	I	C	K	O	F	F	■	S	A	W	M	I	L	L
I	■	O	■	U	■	L	■	E	■	A	■	M	■	■
N	E	M	E	S	I	A	■	T	O	T	A	L	L	Y
G	■	M	■	T	■	N	■	F	■	C	■	I	■	E
■	M	O	W	I	N	G	M	A	C	H	I	N	E	S
■	■	N	■	N	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	E	■	T
■	T	S	U	G	■	D	U	R	E	S	S	■	■	■

NOTE:—Afar—Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality." Yest—Variant of Yeast.

London Amusements

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.
2*d.* bus fr. Piccadilly. (Ter. 1672) 9*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* Next Week:
MONDAY: at 8, BALLET.
(The Sleeping Princess.)
TUES.: at 7, CAV. RUSTICANA & I PAGLIACCI.
WEDNESDAY: at 8, BALLET.
(The Rake's Progress, Nocturne, Horoscope.)
THURSDAY: at 7, LA TRAVIATA.
FRIDAY: at 7, LA BOHEME.
SATURDAY: at 2.30, BALLET.
(Les Patineurs, Dante Sonata, Nocturne.)
SATURDAY: at 7, DIE FLEDERMAUS.

THEATRES

APOLLO. Ger. 2663. Evenings at 8.15.
Matinees, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, ANGELA BADDELEY in
EMLYN WILLIAMS' Play
"THE LIGHT OF HEART"

DUCHESS. (Tem. Bar 8243.)
At 6.0 & 8.40. Mats., Sats., 2.30.
RONALD FRANKAU in
"BEYOND COMPERE!"
Ted Ray, Renee Roberts, Gerry Fitzgerald.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS. at 8.30.
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COUSIN MURIEL
By Clemence Dane.

HAYMARKET. Whi. 9832. Evenings 8.15.
Matinees: WED. & SAT., 2.30.
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THE BEGGAR'S OPERA
A GLYNDEBOURNE PRODUCTION

OLD VIC. (WATERLOO 6336.) 6*d.* to 6/-.
Re-opening MONDAY, APRIL 15th, at 7.30.
Thereafter Nightly (exc. Mon.), 7.30. Sats., 2.30.
KING LEAR
JOHN GIELGUD.
Nicholas Hannan. Lewis Casson.
Jack Hawkins. Robert Harris. Stephen Haggard.
Fay Compton. Jessica Tandy. Cathleen Nesbitt.

PHOENIX. (Tem. 8611.) Evgs., 8. Th., Sat., 2.30.
JESSIE MATTHEWS & SONNIE HALE
invite you to
"COME OUT TO PLAY!"
A New Song, Dance and Comedy Show. 10/6 to 1/6.

PICCADILLY. (Ger. 4506.) Evgs., 7.45 (ex. Mon.)
Mats., Wed., Thurs., & Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS.
THE CORN IS GREEN
A COMEDY BY EMLYN WILLIAMS.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evenings, 8.15 sharp.
Mats., Weds. & Sats., at 2.30.
OWEN NARES. CELIA JOHNSON in
"REBECCA"
By DAPHNE DU MAURIER.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 7.30.
"A Masterpiece . . ." James Agate in the *Sunday Times*
THE STAR TURNS RED
By SEAN O'CASEY
Members only. 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. (Sub. 1/- p.a. Share 1/-.)

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LUPINO LANE in
ME AND MY GIRL
with TEDDIE ST. DENIS
TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.0 and 8.30 p.m.

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 8/6 to 2/6, bookable.
TUESDAY, April 16, and Nightly at 8.
Mats., Wed. & Sats., 2.30.
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"'THE ONE GREAT PLAY' BY A CONTEMPORARY" (*Times*) is of course T. S. Eliot's **MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL** now running at Mercury Theatre, and one minute Notting Hill Gate. Nightly, 8.0, also Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Good Seats from 1/6, special terms for Students and Parties. Ring Park 5700. Last months.

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL (Sole lessees Chappells).
Saturday 13th April at 2.30 p.m.
ORCHESTRAL CONCERT
Dmitri Shostakovich .... Fifth Symphony
Aram Khachaturian .... Pianoforte Concerto
Nikolas Myaskovsky .... Sixteenth Symphony
First performances in England.
LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.
Conductor: ALAN BUSH.
Solo Pianoforte: MOURA LYMPANY.
Tickets: 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.* from Hall, agencies or S.C.R., 98 Gower Street, W.C.1. (EUS. 2315.

CONCERTS—continued

UNITY STRING ORCHESTRA; Central London Labour Choir; at Unity Theatre, Sun., April 7th, 3.30. Overture Farromondo, Handel; Symphony in G, Stamitz; Workers' songs for choir and orchestra. Members and Affiliates only. 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.* Eus. 5391.

FILM

ACADEMY Cinema, 165 Oxford St. Ger. 2981
SACHA GUITRY in
"REMONTONS LES CHAMPS ELYSEES" (A)
Also Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in
"*MAYERLING*" (A)

EXHIBITION

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RULES have the Wine and Rule the Roast.
Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 475

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

MR. NORMAN AND THE SLUMP IN FREE STERLING—DOMINION BANK SHARES—VICKERS—AMALGAMATED METAL

THE war moves slowly for some disgruntled people, but things happen in the financial field. This week, for example, the national war effort blazed up with the re-election, for the twenty-first time, of Mr. Montagu Norman as Governor of the Bank of England. And last week the free sterling rate slumped to 3.45 (present rate about 3.59). Now there is no connection, as far as I know, between the slump in free sterling and the Bank Governorship of Mr. Montagu Norman. The free exchange market was merely reflecting our new exchange regulations which force foreign buyers of British tin, rubber, whiskey and jute to pay in sterling at the "control" rate of 4.03½ instead of the free rate. Obviously, as the foreign demand for free sterling is thus cut down by Treasury regulations, the free rate must fall, and as it falls foreign holders of sterling are made the more nervous and are induced to throw their holdings on a narrowing and falling market, so that the slump feeds upon itself. This can go on for quite a long time, for the tightening up of the Treasury control of exports appears to be a slow and painful process and the Treasury officials seem to be quite oblivious to the bad psychological effect abroad of a slump in the free sterling rate. But Mr. Montagu Norman can have no such illusions. He is very sensitive to foreign banking and trade opinion, and I cannot believe that he welcomes the existence of a free or "black" market in sterling in which the British exchange control takes no part, although it is the real market for the business world in New York, Amsterdam, Brussels and Berne.

* * *

What is the moral of this story? It seems to me that we are getting the worst of both possible worlds. A slump in the "black" market rate of sterling suggests to the foreigner that Great Britain is in a precarious economic position, but the slump is not allowed to benefit the British exporter who is compelled to accept payment for his goods at the artificial "control" rate of 4.03½. We are suffering damage to our prestige without helping our trade. If the Government had acquired a virtual monopoly of foreign trade, in the German manner, there would not have been two markets in sterling, but it is content to control some export trades and not others and to leave loopholes even in its controls. It was surely asking for trouble to evolve an inadequate and incomplete system of exchange and export control in the middle of a war with Germany. Currency measures of such complexity should have been carefully thought out beforehand. There was plenty of warning, but it was not apparently heeded either by the Bank of England or by the Treasury. What is wanted, of course, is a Government monopoly of exchange dealings coupled with complete Government control of exports. This was envisaged by the Labour Party, whose financial experts had prepared an emergency scheme of exchange control a year ago. No doubt this was too Socialistic to be considered by the Bank of England or the Treasury, but one begins to wonder whether we would have suffered the present damage to our financial reputation if we had had a little more Socialism and a little less feudalism at the Bank of England before the war.

* * *

This war, like any other, is destined to be an economic godsend to the primary producers. The rise in Dominion Government stocks is a reflection, not only of the fall in the rate of interest which the Treasury has engineered, but of the shift in the balance of payments as between Great Britain and the "primary producer" countries of the Empire. I suggested last week, however, that this rise had gone far enough and that I preferred British Government stocks to Dominion on the existing basis of prices. If the investor wishes to take an indirect interest in the prosperity of our primary producers he might consider the shares of the Empire trading banks. Here is a list :—

	Present Price	High 1938	Dividend	Div. Yield %
Bank of Australasia £5* ..	7¼	8 9/16	8%	†£6 14 3
Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China, £5 fully pd.	9¼	13⅛	10%	£5 8 0
English, Scottish and Australian Bank, £5, £3 pd.	3½	4½	7%	†£7 3 9
National Bank of India, £25, £12½ pd.	30¾	41⅞	16%	£6 10 0
Union Bank of Australia, £15, £5 pd.	6	7½	7%	†£7 10 3

* £5 callable on liquidation.

† Equivalent gross after allowing for reduced rate of tax.

I am not suggesting that these banks are likely to profiteer or to boom out of this war. In India they have to meet competition from the new Reserve Bank which carries the Government trading accounts and in China trading conditions remain extremely difficult. Moreover, commodity prices will probably not rise as steeply as they did in the last war and the primary producers, in view of the increasing extent of Government control, may not make such large profits. But it should nevertheless be a prosperous period for the customers of these banks and the market in overseas bank shares should reflect their better prospects.

* * *

The "faith of an armourer" has changed since Bernard Shaw wrote the gospel of his arms manufacturer in *Major Barbara.* Andrew Undershaft was content to sell arms to anyone who would pay for them—for any cause or creed—but to-day the armourer regards himself as a national servant performing a national service. Mr. A. Jamieson at the shareholders' meeting of Vickers Ltd. stressed the national value of their company and their preparedness to meet the present emergency. By selling arms abroad in peacetime, I presume they kept their plants ready and equipped to meet our own needs in time of war. The directors of Vickers are now very sensitive of their public responsibilities. They refused to pander to share holders by writing up the value of their 10*s.* shares to £1. This would have required £6,157,000, but their published reserves were only £3,000,000 (not excessive for a capital of £14½ millions) and they refused to write up their assets to meet the difference in a time of emergency and violent change. The directors are to be congratulated on their restraint. Vickers 10*s.* shares at 18*s.* 3*d.* to yield £5 8*s.* 0*d.* per cent. on dividends of 10 per cent. and £10 16*s.* 0*d.* per cent. on earnings of 20.2 per cent. can stand on their own merits—not on bonus prospects. As a public utility in this period of international anarchy the shares have their appeal.

* * *

Amalgamated Metal, one of the shares in my list of "sheltered" equities, apparently surprised the market by maintaining its old dividend of 7 per cent. The shares rose by 1*s.* to 21*s.* 9*d.* I had been expecting 7 per cent., but in view of its loss of income from its old German holdings (equivalent to ¾ per cent. on the capital) the market had been going for 6 per cent. Amalgamated Metal is now the Government broker for base metals and its remuneration for the war period was recently submitted to arbitration. It seems to have been a fair decision not to allow the company to profit or to pay a larger dividend out of its Government war work. The shares on a yield basis of 6⅜ per cent. are a reasonable holding.

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Company Meeting

ASSOCIATED PORTLAND CEMENT MANUFACTURERS LTD.

SIR MALCOLM STEWART'S ADDRESS

THE forty-first Annual General Meeting of the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers Limited was held on April 3rd in London.

Sir P. Malcolm Stewart, Bt., O.B.E., D.L., LL.D., Chairman of the Company, presided. He first dealt with items of the Balance Sheet and continued (in part):

The profit on trading amounts to £879,282; it includes the sum due for compensation and receivable under the working agreement with the British Portland Cement Manufacturers, Limited. The profit compares with £1,070,381 earned in the previous year, a reduction of £191,099 largely accounted for by increased provision for taxation.

Interest and dividends on investments at £523,025 show a reduction of £66,999. The final dividend received on the British Portland Cement Manufacturers Limited ordinary stock was less by 2½ per cent. than in 1938. Further the final dividend on the Ordinary stock held in Alpha Cement Limited, which was included in the previous year's accounts, has not yet been declared and, therefore, is not included in this year's accounts. The income earned on the total of trade and liquid investments is approximately 14¾ per cent. The total revenue for the year at £1,402,925 compares with £1,661,209 a reduction of £258,284.

On the debit side of the profit and loss account you will see the only notable difference this year is that no addition has been made to General Reserve whereas £60,000 was added in the previous year. There remains a balance of profit of £741,981, which compares with £940,306 in 1938. Out of this sum there had been paid at the date of the balance sheet the Preference Dividend for the first half-year £68,750 and an interim dividend of 7½ per cent. on the Ordinary Stock, absorbing together £368,750. Since the 31st December there has been paid the Preference Dividend for the second half-year absorbing a further £68,750 leaving a balance of £304,481. We are able to recommend the payment of a final dividend on the Ordinary Stock of 7½ per cent., making 15 per cent. for the year which compares with 20 per cent. paid in the previous year. There will remain a balance of £4,481 to be added to the carry forward which will then stand at £213,180.

During the year under review we suffered a variety of vicissitudes. In the early months deliveries were disappointing and the outlook uncertain; later on trade improved and with brighter prospects prices were reduced to the consumer. We felt that with the promise of fairly stable costs of production and the prospect of an increased turnover once again our policy of keeping down prices to the consumer could be embarked upon. However, the position was speedily changed on the outbreak of war in September when municipal and private building rapidly eased off. We were, nevertheless, so fortunate as to receive a considerable tonnage of orders in respect of Government and A.R.P. work, which it became necessary to accelerate; these sources largely filled the gap. Thus favoured and with the help of the good demand experienced in the summer months we were able to achieve aggregate tonnages of production and deliveries of Blue Circle Portland Cement slightly in excess of those recorded in the previous year despite some falling off in the autumn.

In August most of the members of the Territorial Army and Reserves working for the Company were called up, and the Blue Circle Group of Companies now has a total of staff and employees serving with His Majesty's Forces of over twelve hundred.

CEMENT MAKERS' FEDERATION

When addressing you last year I referred to the advantages of well planned trade organisations from a National point of view. It is particularly satisfactory that the outbreak of war not only found the Cement Makers' Federation prepared but demonstrated the soundness of the principles upon which its co-operation is based. You will agree there is justification for this statement when I inform you that the Minister of Supply, after examination of the position in the early days of the war, was satisfied that he could at any rate for the time being leave to the War Executive Committee of the Cement Makers' Federation, under the able chairmanship of Lord Wolmer, the responsibilities of carrying on with the Ministry of Supply negotiations on matters affecting the Industry. The Minister further indicated that he regarded the appointment of a controller as unnecessary at the present time in view of the efficiency of our organisation. It has proved most gratifying to those who have for long years worked for co-operation in the Industry to find that when the test came our Federation was not found wanting. It is serving a good purpose in war time and will, I trust, prove its value when peace comes, for peace will bring in its train industrial problems of a national character and magnitude not yet experienced. For these problems new methods may have to be applied and novel solutions found. There will be a call for clear thinking and a progressive outlook when the day comes to grapple with post-war difficulties.

EXPORTS

We were successful in shipping a considerably increased tonnage of Portland Cement for export during the first eight months of the past year. It took some time to settle down to the changed conditions brought about by the war but I am glad to say that our Export Department, under Mr. Chapman and his capable staff, succeeded in maintaining the shipments made during the last four months of the year, as compared with the corresponding period of 1938.

Following the call by the Government for an export drive we are straining every nerve to increase our export tonnage by opening up new markets wherever opportunity affords. In this matter we are working in close collaboration with the Export Council of the Board of Trade.

CEMENT AND CONCRETE ASSOCIATION

The Cement and Concrete Association was established by the Industry in 1935. Its main object is to give practical assistance to every user and potential user of Portland Cement. When its advice is sought it is prepared to help technically wherever Portland Cement is used, be it in respect of structures of magnitude or of the simple requirements of the garden. Widespread publicity is employed. In five years over ten million brochures, leaflets and technical papers have been issued. These met with great success, that dealing with concrete for garden purposes resulted in over half a million people writing for copies. Thus it is seen that through practical help and powerful publicity an earnest endeavour has been put forth to make Britain concrete minded. With the advent of the war the functions and duties of the Association have undergone a marked change. Early it offered its voluntary services to the Home Office in connection with A.R.P. work, and the Association and the majority of its technical staff have been taken over to assist in this and a great variety of other work where concrete is in use by many Government Departments. It is gratifying that an organisation founded to stimulate trade in peace time has proved capable of rendering national service now we are at war.

Shareholders will, I am sure, share the regret which the Directors feel through the retirement at his own request of Mr. Alfred Stevens. This took place at the end of last year. Mr. Stevens was the first Secretary appointed to the Company and became a Managing Director in 1906. Apart from the valuable and outstanding services rendered during the period to this Company, our gratitude is in particular due to him for the prominent and successful part he played in the formation of the British Portland Cement Manufacturers Limited. The Industry has lost an outstanding figure of recognised integrity and charm.

In September last the Board appointed Mr. G. H. E. Vivian a Managing Director. You will recollect that Mr. Vivian was for many years the General Manager and Treasurer of the Companies in Mexico in which we are interested. He largely contributed to the successful building up of the businesses in that country. In 1936 he was appointed a director of this Company and took charge of our overseas interests. We have had considerable experience of Mr. Vivian's administrative abilities and of his practical knowledge of all departments of the Cement business. Consequently, it was with complete confidence that the Board in September last appointed him a Managing Director and asked him to take over Mr. Alfred Stevens' duties on his resignation.

Whilst referring to Mexico I wish to express our appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Mr. A. B. Stewart, who retired in 1938 from the management and is still a Director, and since by Mr. K. Bannister, our Managing Director. It is due to the good work done by them and their staffs that such satisfactory results have been achieved.

With regard to the prospects for the current year it is impossible to make a confident forecast. Owing to abnormally hard frost and heavy downfalls of snow bringing building operations generally to a standstill the trading results for the first two months of the year were exceptionally poor. The demand for our products is improving with the better weather but it is almost entirely dependent on Government, A.R.P. and export orders. The volume of these is uncertain and I am bound to warn you that we cannot expect under war conditions a repetition of the results achieved last year. We are in a sound position to face difficult trading conditions and you can rest assured we shall do our utmost to overcome them; but it must be remembered that the exigencies of war are paramount and that all individual and collective interests should be subordinated to the securing of Victory.

I wish again to take the opportunity of thanking our staff attached to all departments of our business and all employees at our various factories and depots both at home and overseas for their loyal support and co-operation, and in particular to thank those who through their hard work have so successfully overcome the abnormal difficulties and inconveniences due to the war.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.